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# THE SONG OF SANT MAT and Other Poems

A presentation in poetic form of the Science of Sant Mat as taught by the Spiritual Masters of the Radha Soami Satsang, Beas, India

This book is humbly dedicated with deep love and reverence to Maharaj Charan Singh Ji

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## FOREWORD

The poets of old would call upon some celestial muse to inspire them and to bring beauty to their verse. Lavish praise was bestowed upon the gods of verse to lure their aid in reaching heights beyond mere mortal pen. For these poets well knew that their best work came somehow from within, and at those times of inspiration, they but held the pen.

This writer too is slave of such a muse — slave in subject matter and in form to One who knows; to One who is the supreme poet Himself. If this mortal mind and hand can write His music, they take no further credit. That which is clumsy or unclear is their fault and in no way His.

Sant Mat literature — in any form — is to be used to repeat again and again to our minds the Master's teachings. If we can create pictures in the mind as well as abstract thoughts, it is easier to bring the attention in, and to keep it there. If the ear, as well as the eye, can be used to bring these thoughts and pictures, they are stronger and more lasting. You may enjoy reading this poetry aloud so that the eye, and tongue, and ear, and mind are all caught up in Master's work.

So, dear reader, take this small book to be a mine wherein lies wealth untold, the gold and jewels of spiritual truth tendered, thru His Love, to those who will receive.

> John H. Leeming, Jr. Phoenix, Arizona

## PROLOGUE

Who in gladness to his Maker
Has not raised a prayer of thanks?
Or, when fate has turned against you,
Pain or sorrow, a haunting fear,
Brings you to your knees abegging
That darkness thus might quickly pass,
Prayers you send to distant heaven,
Or whisper to some idol here,
In the hope that they will reach Him —
In the hope that HE will hear.

But the fickle gods we pray to Do not answer, "Lo, I have heard", Do not keep our faith unshaken By swiftly granting our poor needs. When we cry against such callous Denial of His promised Love, We are told the pain we feeleth Is in God's Will; we should not ask, "Why?" Just trust the Lord will giveth Salvation when this life has passed.

Can we be sure the God we pray to Has, Himself, salvation promised — Will, or can grant this gift of peace? Or, as many prophets tell us, Will we to this hard world return To pay off the debts remaining From our unnumbered prior lives: Golden debts of Love and Kindness; Cold, iron clad, debts of hate and greed. Debts, old debts which we created — Not FATE which some strange God decreed?

Who can answer such a question With proofs that Mind and Soul accept? Who can say from whence we cometh,

The why, the where, the when, and how? Who has that greatest of all powers To assure the Soul's redemption To guide it up that hidden path Which it, long ago, descended; That Path, lost and long forgotten, Which takes the Soul back to the ONE?

Such an answer can be given
Only by a Soul that's been There;
Such assurance can be given
Only by a Living Master;
By a Son of God who cometh
In human form, the same as ours,
But whose Soul is free to travel
Thru all Regions of Creation,
Hindered not by mind or body:
Who is both here, and ONE with HIM.

If we trust to books translated
From tongues which man no longer speak;
If we search them for the answers,
For living proof of what we seek,
We will miss the wondrous message
That Master spoke when He was here;
Miss that which the Living Master
Needs must impart to His marked sheep
While they both are in this body—
The secret they alone can hear.

For the Lord this Path created
When man first left his Home Above,
And this Path He has not altered
For time, or nation, race or creed.
So too, any soul that's ready —
Who seeks, who knocks, who will receive —
Will unto a Living Master
Be led to fill that age old need.
Know for sure that He will find you

## With evidence you will believe!

Should you ask me, whence these lessons, Whence this strange and wondrous teaching Of the science men call Sant Mat? I should answer, I should tell you, "From the lips of a great Master, From His speech and from His writing — His language is the same as ours — And from all true Saints before Him In every place, in every time, As we learn the grain to winnow From man made chaff 'tis hidden by."

If still further you should ask me. Saying, "Prove He is a Master; Prove that the Path is really there." I should answer, "Go to Master, With a mind and heart that's open, To this kindly, loving teacher. Ask, and see how He does answer; Test His answers to your own needs." Do not let the mind deceive you, Test further if you would believe; Let Him lead you in and upward Where Soul itself can Truth perceive. All those who will make the effort Can before this life has ended Know the nature of Creation, End the rule of fears and passions, End too the wheel of births and deaths.

Ye who tire of the changes, The endless changes of this world; Ye who find the world's religions Yield no answers which you can trust, Listen to this Song of Sant Mat. Ye who would to Him returneth To become ONE again with HIM, Believe what the Master tells us; With open mind and heart and soul Listen to this Song of Sant Mat: Listen to this Song of LOVE.

## I THE TEACHERS

By the shores of river Beas,
By the quiet running water,
Stands the village known as Dera;
Dera Baba Jaimal Singh Ji.
Here nine years before this century
Came the Master Jaimal Singh Ji;
Long before there was a village,
Built a mud hut in the desert
Knowing thru His inner vision
From this waste would bloom a garden,
Bloom and grow to be a center
For the teachings of the Masters.

Slowly grew the little village As He drew His followers to Him. Planted they the trees and gardens, Made their homes in what was waste land, Homes to keep out cold of winter And the blazing heat of summer. To the feet of Master came they Not for worldly food and comfort Nor for glories of this kingdom; Came they for the food ambrosial, For the nectar of the Shabd. And the Master taught His children How to reach the inner regions, Stop their endless awagawan, Leave the wheel of transmigration. Taught the secret inner Simran, Repetition of Holy Names, Guided He His sheep to pasture In the inner realms of Light. Oft to meet with His disciples, And to bring the Light to seekers, Traveled He to town and village In remoter parts of India.

Held His satsangs in the open Bringing Light into the darkness, Affirming what was in the scriptures, That we must seek a living Master; Quoting Granth Sahib and Quran, Quotes from every sage and scholar Who had reached the higher regions That: "no one could start the journey Save he had a living Master."

Few who heard Him stayed to listen, For the worldly call was stronger. Others heard and wished to argue Blinded as they were by ego. But the few God marked beforehand Heard the truth and stayed to listen, Saw the Sat Guru before them, Knew at last the end of seeking, Received Nam from Baba Ji.

Pausing in the hills of Murrie,
Called a special soul unto Him;
Called a young man from the army
To Him for a special purpose.
For while Sat Guru is Shabd,
Manifest in human form,
In this body He is mortal
And obeys the laws of Kal.
So each Master His successor
Names before He leaves this world.
Sawan Singh had been selected,
By the Great Lord Sat Purush,
Next to be the Light of Earth.

Slowly this great spirit brightened With loving care from Baba Ji. Spent His days with work of this world, But spent His nights learning the Way.
Till with Baba Ji's direction
His mind and body became still,
And this soul the Inner Regions
Came to know intimately;
Till at last unto the Father
This soul was led by Baba Ji.
Now at last ONE with the Father,
With no remaining debt to Kal.
With dominion o'er all Regions,
From lowly Earth unto Sach Khand;
Yet in ever loving kindness,
Obedient to the Father's Will,
Here the Lord of Light returneth
To take the place of Baba Ji.

By example and by precept
Taught this wondrous God-in-man,
Taught the seekers and disciples,
Taught philosopher and peasant,
Taught them in the hills and jungles,
In cities, towns, and on the plain.
Taught the Rajas and the sweepers,
Be they Muslim, Sikh or Hindu,
Be they Christian, Jain or Parsee;
For the Path is one for all men
And all need the Master's guidance.
Taught them how to live in Kal's world,
Taught them of the Nam or Shabd,
Taught them of the Inner Regions,
Led His marked sheep back to their Home.

And a special task was given
To this wondrous Sat Guru;
To unfold this age old teaching
To marked souls in other nations,

Where there was no Living Master, And where Sant Mat had not been taught.

Far away in California
Lived a surgeon, Doctor Johnson.
All his life he had been searching
For a satisfying answer;
Found the training and the practice
As minister and missionary
Could not satisfy the spirit.
Found the training and the practice
As a doctor and a surgeon
Did not satisfy the spirit.

Asked again for inner guidance, Left his work and all attachments. Let the Lord direct his movement. Till one day an old friend gave him A brief description of Sant Mat. Then unto the feet of Master, To the Master Sawan Singh Ii. Travelled he with expectation Of spiritual satisfaction. And he found more than he dreamed of. Found not dogma, but a science. Not a theory, but a practice, Not a promise, but fulfillment While still living in this body. Found a teacher who could lead him. A Sat Guru who knew the Way, ONE Who without let or hindrance Crossed all the Regions every day!

In due time the Master asked him Please to help the Western seeker; To write a book in his language, With the Western thoughts and reference, Which would tell the Western seeker Of the wonders of Sant Mat. So he wrote 'Path of the Masters'
To help those whom the Master called
Overcome the mental barriers,
And start upon the Path to Home.

Under Sawan Singh's direction
The Dera grew in every way.
Grew to be a model village
And the world wide Sant Mat center;
Buildings rose to serve the sangat
Built with bricks from Dera's clay.
Above all the golden towers
Of the spacious Satsang Gar
Rise to catch the morning sunbeams
Reflecting these to mortal eyes,
Like a touch of inner glory
Seen by those who go inside.

When the Master was at Dera He would hold His Satsangs daily To unfold the Sant Mat precepts; Simple lessons, yet most profound. And the seekers came by hundreds, All those so marked were given Nam. So the sangat grew by thousands Till at time of the bandaras. When Master holds His Feasts of Love. Visitors by tens of thousands Gathered within the Dera's walls. Thru the seva of disciples, And thru the Master's gracious love, All who came were fed and sheltered Absolutely free of charge. All received Sawan Singh's darshan, All received in accord with need, All returned to worldly duties With a better understanding,

With more strength to do their real work, With that inner light and music Which only He could give to man.

Came the big war of the forties And His disciples, far and wide, Were protected by His presence In the worst times of their need. And those who fought in the battles From new karma were protected, Protected by His mighty hand. For He teaches — we at all times Must obey world laws and leaders. We must act, and serve, and follow According to the laws of man. But we know He rules our karma If we keep also His commands. Those who follow His direction Are not in fear of strife or war: For they know that what befalls them Is but working out of karma, Is but pay for what has been earned, Is but freeing us from this world — With benefit for evermore.

After ninety years with mankind, After forty-five as Master, Sawan Singh at last completed The work assigned by Sat Purush To be accomplished in this world.

Such at all times is the practice,
To prevent doubt and dissension,
For the present Living Master
To clearly name His successor
Before He passes from this world.
And to clearly make it known
The choice was made by Sat Purush.

Before He left, He appointed Jagat Singh, the wise professor, To the leadership of Dera, To the guidance of the Sangat, To the role of God on earth.

For most His life, this humble man Held a college professorship.
Scientist and learned scholar,
Popular with staff and students,
'Guruji' to those who knew Him
Since His only other interest
Was the practice of Nam Bhakti.
Full devotion to these duties
Were the two interests of this man;
Finding nothing inconsistent
Between science and Sant Mat.
Half the day spent in the world's work,
Half spent in the Inner Light.

When retired from the college, To the village known as Dera Came He to do meditation, And to be in Master's presence. Devoted all His time to seva, To the workings of the Dera, Or to the Master's inner call. Nothing else held any interest Beyond this practice of Sant Mat.

So when Master left the Dera
On tour, or to rest alone,
Jagat Singh was put in charge;
Tho He wished to be with Master,
Wished to be with Him in person,
He would stay to do this seva
For Master's wish was His command.

Then at last He was appointed Master Baba Jagat Singh Ji, The Living Master in this land.

Well He kept the Light of Shabd, Kept the Dera as a Lighthouse, As a fix'ed point of refuge In this dark and dangerous world. Kept the Light for old satsangis Still needing guidance in this world, Gave the Light to new satsangis Sent by God to this Helping Hand.

All His life Sawan Singh's grandson, Charan Singh, Great Master's grandson, Was beloved of that Master, Obedient always to His Will. From His very early childhood Was guided by the Sat Guru; Guided with a special loving, For a very special purpose, With a very special end in view. In His boyhood at the Dera. On the family farm at Sersa, He would take on humble duties To be helpful to the Sangat: Glad to be the humble servant Of other souls upon the path; Glad to show by His example How to fight the demon — Ego.

Tall and strong He grew from boyhood, Grew in stature and in spirit, Grew in wisdom and in knowledge, Earned Master's trust and confidence; Earned two degrees — in arts and law. In the running of the Dera

His advice was often sought,
And in worldly ways He prospered
In His profession of the law.
In accord with Master's teachings
That the householder's life is best,
He entered the joy of marriage
And raising of a family.
Two fine sons and lovely daughter
He raised with love and tenderness.
Then in fullest bloom of manhood
The Lord called Him from the world's work.
Called him to assume the mantle
From the hands of Jagat Singh Ji,
From the much beloved professor
Whose term was finished on this earth.

Under Charan Singh's direction
Sant Mat has spread around the world,
To the U. S. A. and England,
To Africa and Canada,
To Japan and South East Asia,
To the many lands of Europe;
Spread wherever souls are ready
To start the pathway back to God.

Several hundred thousand followers
Now constitute the Master's flock,
And this gives to Kal a weapon
With which he has tremendous skill.
With so many scattered followers
Organization starts to grow.
Small satsangs adopt a 'leader'
Whom they look to for direction;
Seekers may another follow
Who knows too little of the way.
Ego swells and grows and fattens
As Kal tries to form a priesthood,
As he uses our ambitions
To turn us from humility.

Again the need is clearly shown For the Living Master's presence, For continuous reminder To keep the teachings spiritual. For left alone a priesthood grows. Shortly TRUTH becomes 'religion', The Master's form is lost to view. And Kal has triumphed once again. In Sant Mat there's but one leader. There is but one authority. A committee runs the Dera In accordance with His Will. And to meet the laws of nations A small Society exists. Having but limited power. Acting only with approval. Acting only within His Will. A few special helpers has He Initiation to assist. But they have no other powers For they need no other powers — All that we need will come from Him.

Tho the basic Sant Mat teachings
Are few, and not a bit complex —
Master, Shabd, meditation,
The diet, and a moral life —
Yet the mind must fret and worry,
Must turn the simple to complex,
Must a thousand different questions
Ask, then the answers put to test.
Such is the nature of the mind
That it is never satisfied
With single statement of a Truth.
Endless repetition needs it,
Repetition like our simran
Of the Master's basic teachings,

Related to this present life.
To satisfy this fickle mind
On any question it can ask
Is one of the major reasons
For the Living Master's presence.

When the Master's flock was so small That He could talk or write to each, There was little need for printing The answers in a general book. But with Charan Singh's disciples In countries all around the world, Asking many similar questions, Feeling similar hopes and fears, A collection of past letters Would answer almost every need. So he had collected letters From Sawan Singh and from Himself Printed for the help of seekers, For satsangis who were striving To tame the outward running mind. To further our understanding Of all the teachings of Sant Mat, Books of discourses were printed As He would give them in satsang. For the deeper digging student Of the Sant Mat philosophy, Came translations of Sar Bachan And of the teachings of past Saints; The philosophy of Masters Who had served across the ages As links from man to Sat Purush. And for those who could not visit With the Master at the Dera, Books were written by disciples With most beautiful descriptions Of the Living Master's presence, And of His way of life on Earth.

Now thru seva of satsangis
In countries all around the world
These many books can be obtained
By satsangis and by seekers
At no profit to the sangat,
At just the cost to print and ship.
Many too are in libraries
Where by the Master's guiding hand,
His marked sheep are brought in contact,
Brought to the first realization
Of Living Masters and Sant Mat.

So, the Master, Charan Singh Ji, Uses these books to help the mind Change from Kal's obedient servant To friend and helpmate of the soul; Change from slave to every passion To lover of the Inner Sound, Turn from scattered world attractions To eager traveler on the Path.

For those who can go to Dera,
Dera by the river Beas,
He has raised a model village
For your comfort and convenience.
For the citizens who live there,
Who have built and own their homes there,
Power, drains and water have they,
Roads are well paved and all is clean.
Trees and flowers in profusion
Mark the seasons of the year.
Beauty but not ostentation
Marks the residence of Master,
Teaching us by His example
Both in this world and in the next.

In the summer, Dera's climate Is too hot for foreign guests,

But the Master welcomes visits Thru the balance of the year. Foreign guests must have permission For their plans to stay at Dera, For He permits but a visit To love, and learn from outward form. We cannot escape our karmas By hiding at the Master's feet, And the Form which we must worship Is within us, where'er we are. For the hundreds He does welcome Food and lodging are provided, In a very modern setting, At no charge to the satsangi. Well - no charge in worldly terms -Since He does encourage seva Of a spiritual nature, And provides for work and giving If done with real humility. We cannot buy Master's favor, But He doth give most generously If we make an honest effort To do our work upon the Path. Too, it seems that karmas ripen, In the sunshine of His presence, At a rate beyond the normal; Beyond the load which we could bear Were it not for Master's presence, If it were not a load He shared.

While the Master is at Dera Satsang is conducted daily, With attendance in the thousands; With the seekers and satsangis Who from all parts of the country Come to have the Master's darshan, Come to hear the Master's lessons, Come for that sorely needed help Which the Master alone can give. If they come for wordly favor Time and effort they have wasted. For He deals not in the treasures Which the wordly mind desires. Treasures far beyond the dreaming Of those poor devotees of Kal Are to be had for the asking If the seeker or satsangi Is asking for the Hand of God. If he comes with a real longing For the spiritual treasures. Comes for help to free his spirit From the power of mind and mava. Then will be return full laden From the Treasure House of Nam

At the time of the Bandaras. The festivals of divine love. From the length and breadth of India. From the mountains, plains and forests. From the town and teeming city Come the seekers of the nectar. Of the nectar of His darshan To see and hear this Son of God. Come by foot and ancient ox cart. Come by car or on bicycles, Come by lorry and by railroad, Come by bus and aeroplane; Till by start of the Bandara Three hundred thousand may be there. Many hundreds work to feed them In the Master's free langar, For the body and the spirit Here both are in the Master's care. Other hundreds help to guide them To the meetings and to seva;

Seva — service to the Master — By body, wealth, by mind or soul.

At the time of the Bandaras A little humble work is asked. Of those with the strength to do it, Who will put aside the Ego. And, for a few wondrous hours, Join the dusty, tramping thousands To bring rushes from the river Which will be dried and used for fuel: Or dirt laden baskets carry To convert the nearby wasteland, Cut with deep ravines and gullies, To level land for Dera's growth. As each one a basket carries, To move a hill to a ravine. Master watches, and He blesses This patient working in His Will.

Three things may happen to each one As the load of dirt is carried Along the rough and dusty road. First, their work will help the sangat Without the need for wordly coin, Thus they gain a little credit On the balance sheet of karma. Next, it helps subdue the Ego To do such simple work for love, To share one small place mid thousands And feel the wonder of His Love. Third, for those whose intellect needs A way to picture Master's work, He sees each soul its load of dirt With effort carry, and with relief Dump, bit by bit, at Master's feet. So this seva by the body

Trains us for the mental effort. For the daily mental seva. Done in daily meditation: Done with such intense devotion To the Radiant Form of Master That one, in time, and thru His Grace Attains to service by the soul: To that rare and wondrous level Where the current of one's soul Is withdrawn from the body And in the shabd then is merged. This then is the daily seva Of those souls deeply dyed in Love, Who have overcome the Ego. Who have severed all attachments. Who, tho still within the body, Can be with Him, within, at will.

Thus we have a brief description Of the Masters and the Dera, And a bit of understanding Of the science called Sant Mat. To gain fuller understanding Of this pathway back to Home, Master tells us of creation, Of the soul's intrinsic nature, Of the power of the Shabd, Of the way to start and travel With the Master back to God.

## II CREATION

When we ask about creation,
The what and why and when and how;
Master tells us, "Mind is finite,
The infinite beyond its grasp."
If we want to know the answers
We must take the homeward path.
"Go within," the Master tells us,
"See first hand all of creation,
Meet the rulers of all regions.
Beyond mind and Maya's limits
Soul will directly understand."

Till we make that inner journey And can directly understand, Some description does He give us Of the wonders of creation Starting with Primordial Sound. All is SHABD — sound — He tells us. Sound beyond name or description: Nameless to mind or ear or tongue. But if we must name the Nameless RADHASOAMI — let it be. The formless, all embracing ONE. Lord of the Soul — Supreme Creator — Radhasoami is the Will Which first loosed the sound — the Shabd — To express HIM as creation, Creating and sustaining all.

As the first step in creation Came the highest Grand Division, The imperishable Sat Desh. Regions four in this Division Beyond our power to comprehend. Anami Lok — Nameless Region, Home of the Supreme Creator, Is the top of all creation.
From Him flows all life and spirit,
Flows all Truth and Love and Power,
Nothing more in human language
Can describe Radhasoami.

Next Agam Lok and Alakh Lok,
The Region Inaccessible
And Region Inconceivable,
Were manifested in the void.
To complete this Grand Division —
Sach Khand, ruled by Sat Purush,
Sach Khand, the true Home of the Soul,
The Father's house which long ago
We left to see the worlds below.
From this center of light — life — power
Flows the Great Creative Current,
Flows the never ending Shabd,
Called the Sound Current, Word or Nam;
To create all other Regions
To govern and sustain them all.

As the Will of God expanded
Came the division of Brahmand.
Grand Division with four regions
Vast beyond all understanding;
Subject all to dissolution,
Subject all to change and darkness.
From Sach Khand the spirit descended,
Its brilliance dimming at each step.
From Sach Khand the sound resounded,
Became five sounds as it echoed
Thru the regions of creation,
Thru the Division of Brahmand.

First the region Bhanwar Gupha, Slightly less than pure spirit, Knowing Him — and yet distinct; Very nearly pure spirit But, as with all else below it, Spirit which HE directed to Experience duality. Sohang is ruler of this Region, Subordinate to Sat Purush.

Daswan Dwar lies next below this. 'Land beyond the gate', some call it, For here still the spirit shineth Free from matter and illusion, Bathed in immortality.

All below is but reflection Of the reality above, But illusion in comparison With our real home far above. Now the wandering spirit descending Needs must take on other garments, Needs to dim its God-like brilliance, Wrapped in mind and lower bodies. Takes on, too, another ruler, Kal — the ruler and creator Of the worlds of Mind and Maya, Of all worlds and hells and heavens Which comprise these lower regions; Kal is now the supreme ruler Of the souls within his regions, Given this power by Sat Purush.

In his realm comes first Trikuti, The home of Universal Mind. Here the soul takes on the cover Of an individual mind. Also takes the Causal body, Storehouse over countless ages Of the record of each action Of the individual soul;

Records from the countless ages Of what was given and received, Of all our thoughts as well as deeds, Collected since the birth of time. Soul now shrouded in these garments Reaches next Sahansdal Kanwal. 'Thousand Petaled Lotus' region, Known also as the Astral. Here it takes another body. Takes the sparkling astral body. Dims again its pristine radiance So it may function in this realm. Very fine this astral body, Distinctive shape and color too. So each individual soul there Is shown in true character.

One more step yet in creation —
To this gross, material world.
This division is called Pinda
And all the universe we see
Is but a small part of the region,
But a tiny part of Pinda,
And Pinda but a floating speck
In the glowing sky of Brahmand,
In the lowest part of Brahmand.

Here in these material regions
Soul takes on its final covering,
Takes a gross and temporal body,
Bound by appetites and senses
To the wheel of transmigration,
To the endless awagawan.
Bound by Lust and Greed and Anger,
Bound by Ego and Attachment,
Here celestial vibration
Of the all creating Shabd

Almost ceases to be active, Is unknown to our senses, Its joy forgotten by the soul. All is but a dim reflection Of the brilliant worlds above, So the Light is dimmed to darkness, So the ONE appears as many, In this dark world of endless change.

What does it mean when we are told That these regions are so vast That mind can never comprehend? Perhaps we have a faint idea How far the solar system spreads, That at the fastest rocket's speed Almost a lifetime it would take To travel it from end to end. Yet it, within the galaxy, Is but a tiny, darksome space Round a small star of no import. And even at the speed of light One could not cross the galaxy Before one thousand lifetimes passed. When farther out in space we look, This galaxy is but a speck, Among billions of other specks, That sent their light across the miles Since first this universe began. And that faint light we see today Has travelled for five billion years From some of the remoter specks. No way there is that we may know What shape that galaxy has now, Or even if it still exists. And yet, such space beyond our grasp Is but one minor universe Midst countless others that comprise

The Region which we Pinda call! And Pinda, if we can conceive Of what such a concept may be, Is but a tiny spot itself In the bright sky of Brahamanda!

What a small space we occupy, And vet our ego calls on God To change the way the whole scheme runs; To give us this, to remove that, To bend another to our will: Or if He does not quick obey We will no longer worship Him! Our ego too will tell the mind, "There is no need to call for help To find the pathway back to God." Oh, what a foolish beast we are, And what a gracious Lord He is, To listen to our foolishness And still forgive, and send us Light, That we may finally come to know Both what we are, and what HE IS.

## III KAL'S RULE

All the souls that live in Pinda,
Subject to the rule of Kal,
All experience endless cycles
In this world of change and contrast:
Life and death — light then darkness,
Good and bad — peace then conflict,
Pain or pleasure — love or hate,
From rich to poor — from low to high.

All these souls the Masters tell us Are on the 'Wheel of Eighty Four', Subject to reincarnation, And the laws of transmigration, Thru all species in creation From low to high and back to low.

Then we ask, "What is the rule By which our fate has been decreed? Is there any rhyme or reason For the 'good' and 'bad' we suffer? Are there rewards for good actions; Can we 'buy off' a penalty?"

Do the fickle gods direct us
To a fate we can't control?
Is it all predestination
And makes no difference how we try?
Or is Free Will a force to reckon —
Ours the choice what form we enter,
Ours the choice to live or die?

Philosophers across the ages, Priests and prophets, men of god, Many, many different answers Have they given to these questions, To the riddles of these questions. And they started new religions
To impose what they believed;
To establish forms of worship,
Prayers and fasts and pilgrimage,
Penance, tithes and sacrifice,
To assure the soul's salvation,
Despite its actions here on earth.
Blind they are, the blind they leadeth,
For they know not the rule of God.
But this rule is known by Masters
Who are truly One With God;
And they very surely tell us,
"As ye sow, so shall ye reap.
If ye plant but thorns and thistles
The harvest be not fit to eat."

This they call 'the law of karma'
Thru countless lifetimes does it work;
So the joy you'll have tomorrow
Perhaps was earned as tree or beast.
For each thought, each word, each action,
In human or in lower form,
Is recorded as our karma,
Added to our debt or credit,
In exact and perfect measure.

At first, each soul in creation
Had free will in all his actions.
For the record book was empty,
For no chains were forged to bind him;
Each act, each choice, was truly free.
But how quickly thoughts and actions
Formed links, then chains of steel or gold;
Curbing and restricting freedom,
And binding us to other souls.
Sat Purush the Law established,
To be administered by Kal.

In accordance, Kal dispenses Karmic justice to all beings. He impartially dispenses Justice free of hate or favor, Equally to every being, Beast or angel, tree or man. When Death takes a living being, And brings it to the court of Kal, It must give a full accounting Of each deed and each attachment Unbalanced in the life just past. And unto this full accounting, Kal adds any debt remaining From unnumbered prior lives. Then the Lord of Death announces, To the naked, trembling soul, How some portion of this burden Shall next direct its destiny. Hells are meant for the correction Of the evil sinners' souls: And for actions meritorious Time in Heaven may Kal decree. Then when 'ere this stay is over, In accordance with its karma, A new body is assigned In the proper form and species For it to work its destiny.

So life comes and goes and changes, So the soul is bound unto the Eternal wheel of birth and death. We ourselves create the karma, Select and cultivate the crop. He dictates the time of harvest And the body where each soul sleeps. Soul's creation and destruction Is not within the power of Kal; Time and space are in his power,

Body and mind belong to him.
But the soul comes from beyond Kal
As the child of Sat Purush.
So this lost child, so far from Home;
This bit of God we call the soul,
By great good fortune, now and then
Is born as a sentient man.
Man alone in all creation
Has the rare opportunity
To meet the Lord, to realize
The nature of himself — the Soul;
To see within these dark wrappings
The nature of his God-made Soul.

While opportunity man has
This does not mean that he will care,
This does not mean that he will search,
Or listen to the call of Home.
Most are so trapped by greed and lust,
Attached to things, or anger blind,
That by this world are satisfied.
Others are by ego blinded,
Convinced that they in their own way
Can lick this world and that beyond,
So look not for the help they need.

This is Kal's world, and he would keep Each soul from thinking of its Home.
Or if it thinks, it is misled
To paths that outward satisfy
But do not lead to inward peace,
And do not give the soul release.
In myriad ways Kal sets his snares,
With wide choice of philosophies
The mind to dull or satisfy.
First comes the hedonistic cry —
"Enjoy! Eat, drink and make merry.
There is no need for god and such,

There is no future life to dread, Your only goal is happiness."

If pain and suffering bring fear,
The gods you must propitiate,
An idol quickly Kal creates
For sacrifice or pilgrimage.
In fact, an endless string of these
To satisfy our every whim
Exists with priests, and temples tall,
With sweet incense, with bells and lights
Our every sense to satiate.

All this but serves to further bind
The lonesome soul to worldliness,
To turn the thought of reaching God
Away from Him to narrow creed;
Which teaches prayer for worldly ends,
Which stone or serpent sanctifies.
And then Kal gives the cruelest twist —
Makes man kill man to "save his soul"!

There is no cruelty known to man Which, in the name of religion, Has not been practiced by some creed! Man seeks for God — is given Hell — No wonder some in fury cry, "God is dead", and they seek no more. Kal has won, and the wheel grinds on, Those souls return to lower forms.

Yet a voice within us whispers, "There is a Path that leads to Home, Is an ever loving Father, Is some Guide to show the Way." So a few persist in seeking, Spend their whole life in this seeking,

Hear that voice within them thunder, "There is a Path that leads to Home!"

If they spend their lifetime seeking And still do not the answer find, Still no moment has been wasted, Not a single action wasted, Since the love which forms attachment Has not been for this world of Kal. And the pull that Love created Assures the soul rebirth as man.

## IV THE PATH

So the few persistent seekers
Questing spirituality
Ask, "Is there any real assurance
There is a Path that leads to Home?
Is an ever loving Father,
Is some Guide to show the Way?"
And from Sat Purush the answer —
"That Trinity is always there!"

Whatever we may choose to call The Father, Son and Holy Ghost, They are there as full assurance, To the persistent seeking soul, That in every age and nation The same Path is always open, The Inner Path is always there; That in every age and nation A Living Guide for the seekers Will lead them to, and on, the Path. There the ever ringing Shabd Provides the strength and guiding Light, Till at last the soul returneth To the eternal Father's side.

Sat Purush we call the Father,
The Living Master is the Son,
And the power of the Shabd
Completes the Holy Trinity.
This is the Path which HE created
Long before this world began.
This the Path which HE maintaineth
In every time and every place.
This alone the form of worship
To have communion with the Lord.
Any other path of knowledge
Still leaves us firmly tied to Kal,

And that promise of salvation After Death has claimed the Soul. Is an empty — empty promise Yielding only transmigration, The worldly rebirth of the soul. Still it is a favorite weapon In the arsenal of Kal. Used to keep the soul from seeking. Used to keep the soul from striving. Used to keep the soul from meeting With a True Master in this life. If the Path has not been started. If there has been no gift of Nam. There's no way it can be started After Kal reclaims the soul! Only after many ages, In many lower forms of life, Does the soul receive man's body And the one chance to start the Way.

Another trap that Kal will set For those who seek a mystic path, Is to entrance with occult powers Which swell the ego, and so block The search for truly spiritual wealth That those who try the inner path, Without a Master as their guide, Are led astray most easily.

Depending on the state of mind Of such a poor unguided soul, Who enters into occult realms Thru practice of some discipline, Kal will entice with powers or scenes, Which seem so wonderful, yet real, That the practitioner is sure He has some power of God received. He may be led to heal the sick
By use of powers of the mind,
Or tell of events yet to come,
Or probe the thoughts of other men.
Others are more attracted by
Wild sights and thrills in a trance state,
All manner of experience
In astral or in lower planes.
From these they can grand stories tell,
Can impress others with some scene
They think to be from prior life,
Or of a region close to God.

Our Master tells us how to keep From being trapped by Kal this way, But if we choose, we can ignore His warning and the means to guard. For ego finds a great delight In powers which Kal is glad to give, And why should one do harder work Or drive away these wondrous sights? And thus the one so led astray Wastes time — wastes life — in vain pursuit Of something which will bring no gain, For Kal has nothing real to give! These powers of mind but ego swell, And may result in taking on The karma that another earned. While the experience one has With spirits of the lower type, Are not steps on the Royal Road But side trips which prevent the soul From making progress back to Him.

For the true mystic path to follow, One must the Master follow first. Must list' to every word He says And do exactly as He tells. The Shabd and His Radiant Form

Will keep your soul from any harm, But still you seem to have the choice To follow them or follow Kal. When forms of any type appear, Repeat the Names as He has taught, Then forms of Kal will disappear, But the True Form will lead you on. Keep the attention in the Shabd When inner sights of beauty rare Would turn you from the narrow path, To tarry as you have done here. Great powers you gain as you progress, And have two ways the powers to use; They can be spilt upon the ground, Poured out as fast as they are gained, By word or act that you may use To gain attention to yourself. Or you may store them safe inside Till thousand-fold they multiply To give the strength and courage which, The soul will need to cast Kal out, To grind the ego into dust, And merge at last as One with Him.

Often is the question asked —
"Does jiva search, or Master call?
Who is the one responsible
When such a meeting does occur;
When a few, among the billions,
Arrive at last at Master's feet?"
The answer from the Sat Guru
Is, "We must search and He must call."
Without His call, we can not search,
Without our search, He will not call.
A paradox perhaps, but true;
Alike the question of free will.
From our position — looking up,
To regions hard to comprehend,

We have the choice, are free to act, Will follow Master if we wish.
But from the Region of Sat Nam
As He on creation looks down,
All is His Will, all His command;
A time is fixed for every soul
When it a Master has to meet!

Perhaps our understanding fails
When TIME we try to comprehend.
For we are told that time exists
Only within the realms of Kal.
Until Par Brahm we can attain
The Reality we will not know.
From that perspective we will see
That what God has said — truly is.
He wills — and that which He wills — IS.
Only to our limited mind
Does time assume such vast import;
And, only in that dimension,
Will thought and action influence
Soul's progress to the destined goal.

He calls us Home, and come we must;
But in terms of this world's measure,
Four life times may the journey take.
Master instructs, we listen not.
In the next life we will return
To a life more spiritual,
To circumstances suitable
For Master's seed to sprout and grow.
If still, attachments to this world
Are not o'ercome at time of death,
A third or fourth return is made.
But by this time, thru Love and Grace,
No further choice is left the Soul;
Then every act and every thought

Is toward the single goal of Home.

But why should soul four lifetimes take, With such a goal inevitable? Why linger in this darksome world, Once given knowledge of the Way? Besides the Master's loving Grace, Two things there are which set this time: Karma — both stored and newly made, And meditation as prescribed. The karmic load we newly make, By daily living in His will, Is cared for in a moment brief As we do daily meditate. The karmic load we newly make, In disobedience to His will. By lustful act, or food and drink Of nature which He has forbade, Must needs be added to the load Which binds us to the wheel of Fate.

If we this load would burn away
And end this wearisome round of births,
Bhajan and Simran are the fuel
And Master gives the spark of fire.
At least one tenth of every day
Spent in attendance to this fire
Will bit by bit consume that load,
Release that weight upon the Soul,
Till it can stay above this plane
And soar, at last, to its Real Home.

Grace and Effort are the two wings Which giveth soul the power of flight. His Grace to the marked sheep is given, The Effort they in turn must make. So, live each day within His Will In food and drink, in thought and deed; And one tenth of the time devote

In meditation on His form. Keep too, the Simran rolling on Thru every moment of the day. Do every act as you would do If He were standing by your side, For know, in truth, He is, HE IS.

Philosophers in every age Have 'good' and 'bad' tried to define. And filled their books with twisted words That only they could understand. The sociologist confounds, With evidence beyond refute, That every act we label 'good' Is, to some other group, taboo. And what to us is 'evil', which Would lead to punishment in hell, To some society is 'good' Because it does their needs fulfill. To answer what is 'good' and 'bad' The goal must first be understood — Rewards, in this world or the next, Or return to the Soul's true Home? Truly we cannot criticize The thinker or the scientist For errors, when they had no grasp Of what mankind's true goal should be. Until we're told by one whose been To lands beyond the one we know, How can we know that such exist. And that this land is not our Home? Unless the Master's call we hear, Unless the Soul by God is marked, We think and act full satisfied With rewards of the worldly kind. But when God sends a Sat Guru To tell us of the Soul's true Home,

To tell us how to cut the ties
Which bind us to this lower world;
No more must we depend upon
The thoughts of those who do not know,
Or guide our lives in reference to
Those acts which keep men bound to Kal.
For thru His Grace we understand
The wheel of life to which we're bound,
The nature of the Divine Soul,
The Path to follow back to Him.

So now, to 'good' and 'bad' define, We can specific reference give — Is it a thought or word or deed Which tighter to this world of Kal Binds us with chains of iron or gold; Or is it done with Him in mind. So thought or deed no karma makes, But rather leads us back to Him? Now when there is a choice to make, Or one is asked to give advice, You can be sure an act is 'good' If it is done as Master would: If it is done in such a way That we no further debt create. And with the thought at every step, 'Tis really His work that we do.

The Mills of God grind slow, 'tis said, But they do grind exceeding fine.

Call it karma — cause and effect —

Call it action and reaction —

Each thought and act in motion set

Will go full circle and return.

Unlike Newton's laws of motion,

The time it takes can not be fixed

Between the cause and its effect;

Nor can the doer depend upon

Some celestial law of friction
To reduce by one iota
The force of that original act;
When the stringent law of karma,
At the time assigned by Kal,
In the manner he determines,
Rebalances the old account.

Kal has time and space to play with And guards his store of souls with care. Keeps them bound with chains of karma, Keeps them blinded by the passions, Keeps them entranced by the senses. When the burden gets too heavy, Gives them solace of religion, And the promise of redemption In some vague, future, afterlife. Carefully he keeps them ignorant, Of the Wheel of Transmigration, Of the Law of Awagawan; Lets them think — all is forgiven When this short life comes to an end.

Such deception is not practiced By Master on those He accepts. No promise, if they but "believe", The Lord will all their sins forgive. His teachings make it very clear That His disciples still must pay For each act done against His will, And all that karma which at birth Became our fate for this lifetime, Will come to pass at proper time. We earned it, and the debt must pay, But if we keep our thoughts on Him, And meditate as He directs, We find that all can be endured

Without the pain that others have
Who lack the Living Master's aid.
And Master now has full control
Of all that karma we accrued,
But have not paid in prior lives,
And still is charged to our account.
By meditation daily done
With love and patience — by His grace —
Page after page of this record
Is torn out — marked "paid in full".
And if we live within His will,
What would have been a fatal stab
Becomes, at worst, a needle's prick.

Some pray for health or change of luck, That this may come — or that may go. Those who are wise accept His Will. Let not their ego enter in. But look at pleasure and at pain As being, equally, His Gifts. Then when this life comes to a close You find, that true to His promise. A place has been prepared for you, Among the mansions of the Lord. Most suited to the work which you Must yet perform to get release. There Master still His guidance gives And bit by bit the work is done. Till the soul higher still can fly Unhindered by that age-old weight. Then Master takes it to Par Brahm And bathes the Soul in Mansovar Till clean at last, with brilliant light, 'Tis welcomed to its Home — Sat Lok.

## V THE LIVING MASTER

Can we ever know a Master. Ever really understand Him; Grasp in full the Love and Power Represented by this Being? Even after half a life time Can you know your spouse's thoughts? Can a blind man know the sunset Or deaf man hear the nightingale? Can the simple footsore farmer Enjoy the weightlessness of space, Or the fearful white tail rabbit Move with the lion's powerful grace? These are but the simple limits Of the body and of the mind; When we try to speak of Spirit We lack language, lack the thought forms, So necessary to describe How and where and when it functions And to what glories it can rise.

Yet we try to say that Master Is this — or that — in worldly terms; Or we gaze upon a picture And say we love this outer form. Only when we make some progress On the inner spiritual path, Can our mind begin to realize The infinite it cannot grasp. Only when the dim perception Permitted to our finite mind Penetrates the inner regions, And sees at last His Shabd Form, Can the mind begin to fathom How little it can understand! When He our ego takes away,

Which binds the soul and blinds its eye, When He lets us see the wonders Of the Regions of Par Brahm, Then by the direct perception Of the Soul, now freed from mind, Can the soul begin to fathom How much there is to understand!

Yet we must for worldly purpose, Knowing we but scratch the surface, Give the world a worldly picture Of what we know of God as man. Know ve that, throughout all ages, Have there been Masters here on earth: For it is a law of nature That such a hunger will be fed By the hands of Living Masters, Not by dependence on one dead. And the teachings as They give them Are the same 'cross space and time, Are the same in every language, Same for every creed and color, Same for every man and woman — God does not measure in these terms. Masters taught in ancient Egypt, Taught in China and in Persia, Taught before the sacred Ganges Began to flow into the sea; Long before recorded history, God came to man as He does now.

There is truly but one Master In many forms to fit our needs — Christ He was, and Guru Nanak, Kabir Sahib, Maulvi Rum, Peter too, and Guru Arjan; Rich or poor, as man or woman, Unlimited by caste or creed;

Masters come where they are needed By men of faith who will receive.

Master always is the Giver,
Always is the gracious giver,
Always He makes His own living,
And never takes from anyone!
His simple needs, met by earnings
From His labors, not charity.
Master always is the Giver,
All His teachings are given free,
Just like Nature's other bounties
As sunlight, water and the air.
One who claims to be a master
And will accept a gift or fee,
Is himself a slave of Maya
And cannot give the gift of Nam.

Omnipotent is a Master,
No limit to what He can do;
Yet all credit for what happens,
To those guided by His Grace,
He ascribes unto His Master,
Or to the Will of Sat Purush.
His ornaments — humility,
And prayer unto the Sat Guru,
Are all the needed ornaments
To identify a Master,
To mark Him Who is truly great.

No public miracles performed To thus attract an audience, But miracles are sometimes seen By disciples who Grace receive. His miracles are never used To lure a soul unto the path.

He has no need for such a lure; The call is by a greater power!

Omnisclent too is the Master,
He looks upon us and He knows!
Knows because transparent are we
To the power of His gaze.
What He does see, He secret keeps,
But in His everloving way
Will guide us as He sees our needs
To do those things which must be done
To make good progress on the Path.

He's like the potter at the wheel Who knows the shape to be achieved And, with one guiding hand inside, The other gently slaps to shape The clay of which the pot is made. Some days we cry out at the slaps So given by His powerful hand, Forgetting to depend upon The support of that inner one; For know — the pot will never break While in this Master Potter's care. He knows our karma and our needs, He knows our every thought and deed. And as the shepherd guides his sheep, Despite their weak and foolish ways, He guides disciples back to Home By His infinite Love and Care.

Omnipresent is the Master Although we lack the eyes to see. Tho we take the wings of morning And in the uttermost sea dwell, There He is with us and guides us, Without the need for sight or speech.
Soul unto soul is His contact,
The language of Love does He speak,
And He — to impart His teachings —
Sees without eyes, what He would see,
Hears without ears, what He would hear,
Walks without feet, where He would walk,
Works without hands, what He would work,
Speaks without tongue, what He would speak,
Knows God's Law, and is One with Him.

Search for Him not in the forest Or in any structure man-made, Search for Him only within you In the temple which God has made. Then finding that He is within you With his power to see and hear, Before you think or act or speak Pause — consider most carefully — Would you do that if He were here? What if He were here beside you With your thought writ clearly to see; Hearing speech that rings with anger, Seeing acts that He should not see? Act always as in His prescence, For in truth He is ALWAYS HERE!

But we were trying to describe
The Master in His worldly garb.
How does His Love manifest here,
How day by day in outward form
Do we observe this attribute?
When in His presence, one observes
A man of patience, despite stress.
Tho foolish may a question seem,
Tho anger or insult be given,
All treated are with full respect.

When in His presence, one observes The wonder of Humility.

No claim makes He to godlike power, No claim to knowledge beyond ours, And all that's done does He ascribe To His Guru, or Sat Purush.

No claim to save the world makes He, No part would play in politics.

The only language He does speak Is the language of God's true Love.

In short, if we could act and think
As His example teaches us,
The bonds of anger, lust and greed,
Attachment's chains, and vanity,
Which block our way to inner worlds,
Would crumble all, would fall away.
Then in their place would ring the Shabd,
Would shine that wondrous Inner Light,
And with our hand in His firm grip
We would traverse the Path to Home.

## VI THE STUDENT

When a marked soul the journey starts, When it responds to Master's call, The first stirring is subconscious, But a feeble, faint awakening Of the power of the soul. As it stirs, there comes a feeling Of something missing in this world, Of a need that worldly pleasures Do not and cannot satisfy. Pushed by this urge to answers find The seeker reads, and asks, and prays. Sometimes, for years, pain builds slowly, In others, almost overnight An intense dissatisfaction Cries: "Soul, this world is not your home". Soon or late, by fate of karma, Perhaps from search in prior life, By the Grace of Living Master To the wondrous Feet of Master Comes this seeker of the Light. When we say the 'Feet of Master' It means His omnipresent form, For He knows all cannot travel To be near Him at the Dera: Nor do time and space allow Him To come in person to our homes. Far more surely comes His spirit, With the power of the Shabd, To the seeker's understanding With assurance -- here is the Light. Then the seeker comes in contact With other souls upon the Path, Who gave him the worldly guidance To the books and to the satsangs, To the answers he is seeking About the nature of the Path.

Three things now He asks the seeker
To mold into his way of life;
Three key things to pledge and practice,
Essential to the spiritual life.
These He asks not arbitrarily,
But full reasons gives for each.
If the seeker is not ready
For these most simple disciplines,
He most surely is not ready
To face the work that lies ahead.

So the Master tells the seeker — Take no life above the plant world For your daily sustenance, Lest the heavy debt of killing Requires yet another life.

Do not damage mind and body
By using mind expanding drugs;
Do not lose God-given reason
Thru use of alcoholic drinks.
Sant Mat makes the mind soul's servant,
Their use will keep the soul a slave!

Thirdly, be ye man or woman Stay within the marital bonds. Treat one older as a parent, As a sibling, one your own age; Treat one younger as your child, Look on no one with thoughts of lust. If you let the lust of body Enslave the mind and bind the soul, Never can you end the karmas That keep you on this wheel of Death. Master does encourage marriage For all those who are so inclined, But this must be legal wedlock, Within the laws of God and Man.

If the seeker can these precepts Accept and hold for half a year, He is fit to ask the Master For that wondrous gift of Nam. Those who come to Him in India Can ask in person for this Gift, And they stand direct before Him, The proud, the humble and the weak. He can clearly see the nature Of each seeker's mind and soul. Are they ready for this treasure, Or are they still the slaves of Kal? He may ask a simple question To tell the seeker what He sees; Then, with a nod, his fate decrees. Those not ready are rejected But may return another time, When they are more truly ready, When the burden of their karmas Is less a load for Him to bear.

For the ones whom He accepted That day of days is now at hand When the Lord will lift their bondage, Take upon Himself their karmas, And pay their ransom unto Kal.

They are given the instructions
By Master and His sevadars,
To begin the inner journey
On that bright pathway back to God.
And the Radiant Form of Master
Takes its place in each disciple,
Takes its place at the eye center,
Ready there to meet and guide him,
And take him Home at last to God.

Those to whom the Master calleth In other countries of this world, Need not come to stand before Him To ask Him for the gift of Light. They by written application Do pledge and humbly entreat; Pledge to God that they will give Him One tenth the time of every day, Spent in loving meditation, Done in accordance with His Will; And the pledge of full obedience To the three vows described before.

To assure an understanding Of the meaning of these pledges, And to answer any questions The seeker has about Sant Mat. Master asks that some satsangi, Who has studied well His teachings. Spend some hours with each seeker. Help those who will make the effort — Dissuade others who are seeking That which is foreign to Sant Mat. The true seeker's applicataion Then is forwarded to Dera. Where the Living Master sees it: He, Whom God has sent as Shepherd Of this widely scattered flock, Welcomes the marked sheep to pasture, Or says, "No. Ask another time."

For those with the great good fortune To be guided to this pasture, To be so welcomed to His flock, Still must needs receive instruction Which the Master giveth only To those accepted on the Path.

One who represents the Master,
Near to where the seeker lives,
Can with His express permission
Read to those the Master chooses
Words so simple, yet so profound.
Words which tell of Light and Music,
Words which tell the new disciple
Why, when, and how to meditate,
Names which are the keys so wondrous,
Which are the simran of Sant Mat.
All the words to make one welcome
Into the Master's family.

'Tis not the representative —
'Tis Master who initiates,
And the real initiation
Is not the hearing of these words,
For they may be soon forgotten,
Or only partly understood.
No, the real initiation
Is more profound than any words —
Such that from this moment onward
That soul will never be the same.
Now the soul belongs to Master,
And its remaining karmic load
Will be portioned out by Master,
Rather than by the rules of Kal.

Even tho he leaves the Master,
And strays in this life from Sant Mat,
Master does not him abandon,
Master does not him forget;
For at the initiation
The Master's pledge was duly made —
To take that soul unto Sat Lok,
To guide that soul the whole long way.
The Good Shepherd never letteth

One single lamb to fall away, Even tho the lamb denies Him, Lured again to Kal's temptations; Even tho no effort follows The soul's acceptance in His flock. When Death calls the soul from body And Kal's minions that soul would seize, Master is there to protect it, To keep it from the Court of Death; For that soul belongs to Master, He alone will judge its fate. So, with tender, loving kindness The wayward soul another birth Takes amid such circumstances That the soul's progress is assured. Again, in time, to Master's feet This soul is guided by the Shabd; For the Master still is with it, Tho He too may change His body Before that soul is born again. Now the pull of Kal's temptations Is more easily resisted, Now the inward pull of Shabd Lures this soul to meditation, And to real progress on the Path.

Five evils chain man to this world,
Five virtues help these chains to break.
Before we can much progress make
We must, thru effort and His Grace,
The virtues grow till they displace
The evils and their dangerous friends.
Masters identify these five
That we may guard against their ways,
And make such efforts as we can
To make the virtues part of us.

Lust is the first to guard against. All carnal appetites that bind Attention to the body's wants Make soul and mind the body's slave. Its need for food and drink and warmth Are very different from its lusts. The body's needs are quickly met, Its lusts are never satisfied. Any excess beyond real need, The hedonistic way of life, Degrades the temple of the Lord, And as it feeds upon itself Demands a less than human form When soul returns in its next birth. The Master's way does not deny The power of these appetities, But gives them Nam to feed upon, So the disciple gradually Learns self control, a quiet restraint, Makes chastity a way of life, Till all can see that here is one Who keeps the body clean and pure, A fitting temple for the Lord.

Could we but see the wounds we make In body, mind and to the soul, When anger flares, and boils and bites In response to the world's small cares, We would make sure it never found Its way into our daily life. Anger a fatal cancer is To progress on the spiritual path, Due to the karmic load it builds From thoughts and acts which we perform Under the spur of this foul fiend. When anger is in charge of mind,

There is no way to guard against Inflicting wounds which ages hence In our account are still unpaid. There is no way to guard against The power of this friend of Kal Save to a shield of tolerance Weave from the Master's gift of Nam. Then, with practice and with Grace. We learn to use this shield to turn The barbs, both innocent and sharp. Which otherwise would strike the spark That reason blinds and anger lights. And safe behind this glowing shield, Which lights the darkness of the world. The mind and soul begin to see The source and reason for these barbs Then as the understanding grows. We can with forgiveness reach out And make that touch from soul to soul That dulls the barb before it's sent. At last, that mirror of the mind Is cleaned and polished to the point That it reflects, for all to see. Only the love that comes from Him. Then no dark beam, in Anger's name, Comes to or goes from such a one. But all is peace and harmony, All is our living in His Will.

The next two evils form a pair Which bind to the material plane, And keep us slaving all our lives For dross which we must leave behind. Greed and Attachment they are named, And with great skill they keep the mind Involved with pleasures of this world,

So it will not devote the time To treasures of a lasting kind. Greed says, "Oh just a little more Of this, or that, for comfort's sake, And then I'll let you spend the time On things which do not interest me." But such a list of wants it has That man soon finds his life has passed, And naked from this world he goes With naught of value for his pains. When greed has driven us something To buy, or steal, or take by force, Attachment then assures that we Shall guard it with our very life: Shall scheme and worry ,lie and kill To keep these baubles in our grasp; With ne're a thought of the true cost Which soul in other lives must pay. Another trick attachment plays, Hiding behind the mask of 'love', Is, to our relatives and friends, So bind us that our lives are linked From birth to birth by karma's chains. Then when another fails to do That which our mind has said is right, Attachment turns this 'love' to hate, And, lo, another link is forged.

These evils too are put in place By power of Nam, and Master's grace. Greed for more of the worldly things, Attachment to the load we have, Will bit by bit be overcome As meditation teaches us Discrimination to apply. As that sweet melody of Nam Such an attachment generates That interest wanes in worldly things. So Master uses mind's own force
To painlessly detach it from
Those things which bind it unto Kal.
Then, able to the difference see
'Tween worldly dross and the true gold,
One perfectly content becomes
With what his karmic fate may bring;
And spends his effort and his time
In storing treasure he may keep,
That treasure of the Shabd and Nam.

The fifth evil is Vanity, The first to come the last to go! When ages past the soul emerged At creation from out the ONE. It saw itself as different from Each other soul: and as for God. It soon forgot that it had come From out of Him, and must return. Its whole descent to this low plane Served at each step to reinforce The feeling of its separateness. And so the ego grows and swells Till thoughts of God and Home are gone, Till ego says there is no need For any help, for any guide. Tho if at times life is too hard It may consent to make a bribe, A gift or prayer to some small god, A pittance spent with the strange thought That one can buy and sell with Him.

So lost and blind we wander on, Till for some reason still not known God reaches out and touches us. God in the Living Master's form Tells us that soul is part of Him, Tells us there is a pathway back, And with the gift of Nam, He gives Soul power to break the Ego's grip. The pathway home too narrow is For both the Ego and its guide, But soul, with Ego stripped away, Can in the Master's powerful grip The narrow path and precipice In full safety negotiate.

Thru meditation, gradually, The flower of humility Does bud, then swell, and at last bloom. Then, in place of our vanity, We seek to merge the soul again Into the Oneness that is Him. As ego gradually declines, The soul's bright light begins to shine, And one begins to understand That loss of Ego does not dim The splendor of the soul of man; But rather lets its beauty true Shine and be seen by other men. Such is this real humility, Which Master shows us by His mien, Which slowly we can make our own If we will live as He directs. At last, we truly understand The only gift that we can give Is of the naked soul itself: With no reserve, with no restraint, With full acceptance of His Will. Then we may merge again with Him, And turn from being just a drop To being the vast ocean's self.

## VII THE SATSANGI

How then does a satsangi live Who listens well to Master's words? How does he guide his daily steps, How does he still the wandering mind?

With devotion to Sat Purush, The sublime, beautiful, perfect, Creator of the Universe.

With devotion to God only, As all, but God, is transient And not worthy of devotion.

With detachment, by attachment To the Shabd and the Master. As childhood dolls were put away And love to spouse and children given, So now, the stronger pull of Shabd Does loose the wordly ties and bonds.

With careful discrimination
Between the true and transient;
So the objects and relations
Of a passing worldly nature,
Are in proper perspective held
As things we gladly leave behind.
Carry out the wordly duties,
But keep the Soul attached to God.

Perform all acts without desire That the results accrue to you; For be they good, or be they bad, The karma will be added too! Act always without self interest — Laying all actions at His Feet; Suppress the Ego, keep in mind, God is the doer, and His the fruit.

Earn your own living — honestly.
Build not more debt by taking that
Which others earned and you did beg,
But be content with what you earn,
By honest means He would approve.
Do each day's work with the same love
You would bestow on work for Him,
For then, in truth, it will be His.

Think, talk, and act so that you may Never another's feelings hurt.

Take care that in no overt way You would cause pain to other hearts. You may not see the bleeding wound, Or know that fear and hate may spring From just the arrow of a thought In anger sped from out your mind. And yet, the Masters tell us true, That thoughts can as much damage do As knife or club, as tooth or claw, To sender and recipient.

Keep watch on tongue that it may say No word of anger or abuse To bring dispute or suffering, Where love instead would win the day. Consider — what would Master say? He'd not demand an eye for eye, But give calm, patient, forgiveness To end the turmoil and the strife. Know that, where true forgiveness is, The Lord is there with His mercy; Hate brings but hate back in return, While Love will bring the fruits of Love. A life time effort it may take, A Master's grace it surely takes, To get the ego in control; So when upon your head is dumped

A load of this world's hate or trash, You can in full forgiveness say, To him who caused the load to drop, "Thanks, may God's grace upon you be."

Share what you earn with those in need, Expecting not this world's reward.
Shine bright the mirror of thy soul
So you reflect His love to all,
Then are you ready to return
To that great Love of Sat Purush.

No matter how fate may you treat,
Tho friend desert, and hope be dashed,
Tho fear and want beset your path,
Tho care and pain immerse the mind;
Thru meditation of the Lord
Soul's calm and peace you can attain.
As in the lovely Psalm it says:
In Heaven lay your treasure up
Where neither moth nor rust corrupt,
Where thieves do not break thru nor steal;
For truly where your treasure is,
Lo, there also, will your heart be.

Many religions call upon
Their followers to pay a tithe —
One tenth their earnings to the church,
With reward in the after life.
The Masters too tell us to tithe,
To give one tenth of every day,
To spend this time in the Lord's Love,
To meditate as He directs.
So we do sit, and try to keep
The mind as still as it must be,
And find that it will not behave
But chases every will o' wisp

Till the disciple wonders if
The mind can ever be kept still.
Three senses are the cause of this —
The tongue which talks unto the world,
The eyes which do its objects see,
The ears which all its voices hear.
Hour after hour, day after day,
Year after year, life after life,
These senses pour into our minds
The turmoil of the outer world.
Then in a brief tenth of the day
We try to turn this inside out,
To stop the endless play of mind
And have the bliss of inner peace.

Such change is not an easy task, And even with our best efforts We might not see in this lifetime The gain we think is due to us. But never feel that such efforts Do not produce a real effect. Each step we take, Master to meet, His love is such that ten He takes To meet and welcome us inside. We work, and yet no progress see Because we lack the vision to See whence we came, and how far yet We must thru this black tunnel dig, Before we to the Light break thru. Just do your best each single day, Have faith in Him who is the Light, And remember that come what may, There are no failures in Sant Mat!

What time of day to meditate, The new disciple often asks.

The Master sets no rigid rule But says, "Day is for the world's work, Night for devotion to the Lord." The last three hours of the night The time of Elixir are called: The time for remembrance of God, When mind and body are refreshed And the world silent is, and calm, Then are lovers of God awake And in the hues of His Love dved. So do not sleep throughout the night, But catch the Sound Current of Nam And spend these early morning hours Where the Beloved waits within. And then the Master also savs -When you arise to go to work To take again the daily cares, Do not forget to do simran. Do the world's work with hands and feet, But keep remembrance of the Lord; lust as the ceaseless ocean wave. Let simran of the Soul roll on. The idle rambling of the mind O'er all the good and bad of life, Must be replaced, must be washed out By repetition of the Names. By simran done with every breath Inseparable from Him become, So that the inner peace and bliss Are with you both the day and night.

"Ask and it shall be given you, Seek and ye shall find, knock and it Shall open unto you," He says. And yet we know that oft we ask And yet do not receive. We seek,

We knock, our heads in prayer we bow, And yet the Lord, despite His pledge, Does not our every wish fulfill. What means He then when He does say That we should pray, and so believe; Why some prayers grant, and others not, When all are sent to Him with Love? Master tells us that when we pray For things we would in time regret, Which would involve us more and more In lustful pleasures of this world, Or would, when in His balance weighed, Wherein the whole impact is known, Be harmful to His scheme of things, Thru mercy, He the gift withholds. So many things we pray to have, So many pains we pray would pass, But if we could the whole plan see We would but thank Him for what is. Better our ignorance to plead, Ask only for what He thinks best, And then — no matter what He gives — Be happy in whate'er He wills.

What is the need for us to pray
When God already knows our needs,
When He withholds what would be bad
Yet gives when we forget to pray?
Some prayer can even do us harm;
If we confess our sins in prayer
And think them thereby washed away
So we may go and sin some more!
He knows our needs before we pray;
He gives us more than we deserve;
No need there is for us to beg
Or tell Him of our hidden fears.
Far greater purpose has the Lord

In teaching us to bow in prayer.
The prayers do not His mercy change,
But our humility and faith
Felt in the attitude of prayer
Can bring us into harmony
With that great current of His Love,
And bring surrender to His Will.
So prayer is not to make Him act
The way we think the world should be,
But to connect us to the Lord
So we may act as He does wish;
To bring us bliss and happiness
Thru understanding of His Love,
To bring us strength to undergo
The pain and fear that life may bring.

In difficulty, we should pray
For answers to our problems,
And when it is our fate to bear —
Pray for the strength to meet the pain.
When our efforts show some success,
Pray for His mercy and His Love
To keep our ego in its place.
Then when our efforts, and His grace,
Do yield results which satisfy
The heart's desire in all respects,
In thankfulness and gratitude
Sacrifice all in prayer to Him.

It does not matter where we pray, In home or garden, mosque or church, Among a crowd or all alone, For all this world a temple is If we will pray as He instructs. He says to enter the body Shutting all its outer doors; Open your heart to the Lord within

And in secret to your Father pray. One should not make a verbal praver For all to hear and complement, Or just recite another's prayer Without its coming from our heart. For this becomes the ego's way Of keeping soul and God apart. Beauty of word or perfect phrase Is not demanded by the Lord. The need is for the cry to come From heart and soul, from deep within, With inner feelings so aroused That Love pours forth unto the Lord. With the tongue of the soul cry out, With fire of love that burns away All barriers 'tween thee and Him. With faith that He already knows, Submit your humble prayer to Him In full submission to His Will.

The truest prayer comes from the soul, When lost in meditation deep, Without the tongue, without the mind, In presence of His Radiant Form, We ask Him for Himself alone. Then with full knowledge of His Grace, With full surrender to the Lord, Take refuge at His Holy Feet.

So Master says, and says, and says — "Do your work and do not worry."
He posts our work to our account
And gives His pledge to take us Home.
He tells us how to make the time,
Spent learning how to meditate,
Productive in our spiritual growth.

He tells us, "Use that power of speech In simran of the Holy Names, And use that power of the eye's sight In contemplation of His Form, While with that hearing of the ears You listen to the Sound Current."

Then when you sit to meditate, The repetition of the Names With the attention of the mind. Acts as a ladder to the realms Where you receive the Grace of God. Keep the attention of the mind Just to right of the eye center, And the five Holy Names repeat Slowly, with love and devotion. Take care that when attention turns To outward problems of the world. That it is quickly brought again To the third eye. Keep all else out But the longing for God alone Which, with His Grace, will then assure The soul withdrawing from the world.

He tells us, "Use the power of speech In simran of the Holy Names, And use the power of the eye's sight In contemplation of His Form. —"

Very natural is it that you

Make mental pictures of your thoughts.

You close your eyes, and yet still see

The objects on which your heart dwells.

And if these objects worldly be,

Such contemplation further binds

Mind and soul to this creation —

To the endless awagawan.

Therefore, the scriptures emphasize

The need to contemplate the Form

Of the wondrous Living Master,
Of One who is ONE with the Lord.
When you sit in meditation,
And can but darkness see within,
Contemplate the form of Master
To keep the mind from running out.
Slowly the soul will be withdrawn
From the senses and go within,
Will cross the stars, the sun and moon —
Till it His Radiant Form beholds.
Now, when this Form appears within,
So fix attention on It that
You in that form completely merge.
What you dwell on — that you become,
Worshiped and worshiper are one.

"- While with the hearing of the ears You listen to the Sound Current." By now 'tis clear that when we speak Of the tongue, the eyes, and ears, 'Tis not the organs external We use to speak and see and hear, But senses of finer nature Now quickened by the Master's touch. We still the tongue, His name to speak, We close the eyes His form to see, And we must block the outer ears To hear the music of the Lord. As meditation does progress, By our effort and Master's Grace, We slowly learn to concentrate By repetition of the Names, And then begin the mind to fix By contemplation on His form, Until, at last, the soul begins To hear the Melody Divine; To hear the Melody of Shabd

Which will the slumbering soul awake, Which does the universe sustain, Which sings the glory of the Lord. Ten thousand other paths to God Have seekers thru the ages tried, But, know ye, that without the Shabd No path escapes the net of Kal. This Shabd is called the Royal Road, And tho it rings in everyone It only manifests itself In those anointed by the Lord. 'Tis not unlike the radio waves Which everywhere exist, but which Are only heard by man when caught By special circuits, tuned with care. And so does Master work with those The Lord has given to His care, To tune them gradually to hear The ceaseless melodies of Nam. This Shabd is the Water of Life Christ offered at the well, by which One's thirst would be forever quenched; Which is with one forever more.

Says Nanak, and all Sikh Gurus,
"The Music plays at the tenth door
And turns the mind from dross to gold,
Kal cannot reach where Nam abides."
'Twas taught by Muslim holy men
For the past fourteen hundred years,
Hafiz, Tabriz, Maulana Rum
Taught their disciples Nam to hear.
The peace which Buddha found and taught
Came from His listening to this Sound.
In ancient Egypt it was known
And practiced by initiates.
So, too, the Greek philosophers

Knew of the 'Music of the Spheres', And gave the name of the Logos To that which others call The Word. 'Tis the Lost Word of the Masons, Whose masters lack the Master's touch; And in the ancient Chinese world The Master, Tao, taught 'The Way'. In the book of Zarasthustra, Known as the Zend Avesta, There is a prayer which says, "O Lord, Send Sharosha to him you love." The name by which he calls this power, From the same Sanskrit root as Shabd Which means, 'The power of the Lord Which can be heard by inner ear.' So in the writings of the Saints Of every age and every clime, We read the same message divine -"List to the Heavenly Sound within!"

The sounds first heard have been described By several names as they relate To sounds heard by the outer ear, Produced by nature or by man. In the beginning one will hear Humming of the bees or crickets, Ringing of bells, both large and small, And then the conch shell's ancient call; The booming of the kettle drum, And the street drum's sharper rattle, The sweetness of the flutes and reeds, The roaring of a lion. All these are but beginning sounds, But as this ceaseless music rings The mind and senses fall away And one begins to go inside.

There the true Shabd can be caught, The finer, and yet finer sounds. As intense concentration mounts, The Sound Itself begins to pull. Five Regions are there to be crossed, Five sounds the Shabd does assume; As does the song of mountain brook Change in descent to plain and sea. And tho we try these sounds to name As being like the bell or conch, No words of man begin to tell The beauty of these songs of God. The pull of Shabd now grows full strong With power to break our worldly bonds. From it comes strength to conquer lust, Anger, attachment, greed and pride; Then freed from these five enemies The soul soars upward toward its Home, As form and melody of Shabd Come from and then return to Him.

Now soul knows by experience What was before on faith taken, Knows by direct experience The truths of karma, life, and death, Can see into the prior lives Which set the pattern of its fate, And see — most wonderful of all — The nature of its Sat Guru; See how the Rulers of each land, Which the soul crosses on its way, Bow to the Master's Radiant Form As humble servants of the King. And know why it was told on Earth, "You call on none but Sat Guru," And does proclaim to all it meets,

"The sweetest words are Sat Guru."

At last that mystery of death, Which has brought fear in every life, Is by direct perception seen And understood for what it is. Now soul in meditation does Experience what has been called, By Christian saint of long ago, The wonder of 'dying daily'. Each day with Master as its guide The soul does from the body pass; Leaving the silver cord uncut, Returns when meditation's done; And by this transformation does Realize what we call 'life', to soul Is death; and death in worldly terms, Is life unto the soul again. As step by step the soul unwraps The bodies which so weigh it down, Its Light again begins to shine And it to constant Love returns. The fear of death no longer there, Nor yet the fear of rebirth here, But sure that when the cord is cut He will conduct us to Sach Khand.

### VIII THE LOVER

What do we mean by this word Love? A thousand ways it could be used And still the meaning not be grasped. A thousand poets speak of love. Yet do not know of what they speak. The lofty words and love driven pen Of Cyrano de Bergerac, The love that Browning shared with us In 'Sonnets of the Portuguese'. Do but describe a worldly love. A dim reflection of that Love That truly is the Love Divine All worldly love you can conceive All brought together at one time. Would but a tiny droplet be In that endless, surging ocean That represents the Love of God. "Love divine all love excelling, Pure unbounded love Thou art". We sing, but do we understand? We cannot His Love understand Until a longing deep in us Does grow, and grow, and grow within Until it does all else eclipse. So no attraction of this world Can gain admittance to the mind. Then will our little outer love Become the Gold of ecstasy.

The touchstone of this alchemy, That turns mind's dross to shining gold, To each disciple has been given When welcomed into Master's fold. He told us then, that like the birds Who need two wings to soar in flight, We need our effort, and His Grace, To soar upon the boundless current
That rises up to Him as Love.
Led by His Grace we meditate;
Each day the repetition do,
Each day the contemplation too,
Till Grace and effort; effort, Grace,
Combine to raise us to the point
Wherein that wondrous Shabd Form
Is fix'ed in our mind and heart.
In worldly love, there're always two,
In divine Love two cannot be,
And that True Love at last we'll know
When in that Divine Form we merge.

Master His call to seekers sends In language they can understand. Some, detailed explanation need To satisfy the power of mind. Others by Love alone are drawn And soul direct to Soul responds. Often will the Master travel To the mighty Himalaya, Called by love of His disciples In the lofty remote valleys, In the tiny town or village, Where the simple, patient hill folk Understand the Master's message As direct touch of soul to Soul. Often at initiation Of these love enraptured souls, Sound is heard and Light is seen As soon as they receive the Word. No long fight with mind and body Before the spirit enters in, Just the Master's grace and blessing For the journey to begin.

Once in such a remote village, When Master came to give satsang, And to give initiation To lovers ready for the Path, Snow still blocked the mountain passes And the long nights were bitter cold. Almost all the village adults Were members of the Master's fold. With love that did so reach and pull That He would make this long, hard trip To be with them, once every year. Perhaps by this same power pulled. But knowing that a Sat Guru Would in that mountain village be -A hundred miles, thru the snow. Thru mountain pass and narrow trail. Two women came with none to guide Save rumors of a Master's Love. Straight to His feet the two were led And without question, given Nam. Would that our love were half as strong, And that our minds would truth accept Without the years of argument, Would just accept — and then be calm.

When soul has seen a little light, Its ear a little music heard, The love for God begins to grow And love for world to pass away. When such a lover suffers loss Of worldly or material things, It causes him no pain at all, For anger and attachment go As Master lets the Shabd in. But should events conspire to Rob such a lover of the time For meditation on the Lord.

For contemplation and for prayer To his beloved Master's Form, The loss would cause him immense pain; Like a poor fish from water held. The love he has for his Beloved Creates a hunger satisfied Only by meeting his Beloved, Only by seeing Him inside. The lover has but one desire -He asks from God only Himself, All else consumed in Love's bright fire. The lover longs for Him alone, Whatever happens is His gift, With simran always on the tongue, The Shabd's nectar ringing clear, There's full surrender to His Will.

Intense longing to meet the Lord Is felt before the Lord is met. For countless lives we longed for things Which bound us tighter to the world, And now at last this power is turned To pull us back again to Him. As surely, us the world absorbed, When on the world we spent our love, So surely in the Lord we'll merge When all that love and longing turn Into desire for Him alone. But separation sets a fire Which in the lover's heart does burn With pain which only he who burns, Or He who set the heart on fire, Can know and can appreciate. This fire burns from deep within And water in the form of tears Runs freely to the anguish still. No lover yet has met the Lord

Till after shedding many tears.
Those tears of love, of longing deep,
Are shed in joy as much as pain,
Since longing surges as a wave
Bringing the remembrance of Him;
And such remembrance does in turn
A wave of happiness create.
And so the tears do wash away
The dross of worldly thoughts and deeds,
But yet cannot the fire quench
For it is fueled by that great need —
The need to see and be with Him —
Which suffering will be relieved
By Him alone when in His Grace
He grants the lover his Darshan.

The Master says that, "Love alone Does count in the Court of the Lord", And, "When you one another love, All things are added unto you." When you experience true Love All pain and sadness pass away, No room for hate and anger left Within the mind that's filled with Love. And in the place of these old ills We feel the peace and happiness; The radiant currents of joy Come from and then return to Him. And such a love the lover has That he finds God in everyone, In everything, in every act, So that commandment given of old — That ye do one another love — Can finally now be understood, And in fulfillment of the law Be practiced just as He would do.

Oh that all in this world could live Within that spirit of His Love.
No worldly laws then would we need, For none would hurt or steal or kill In greed or fear or jealousy.
And nations too would learn to live Within the harmony and trust Engendered by that power of love.
But such a Love needs Master's Grace To sprout, to grow, and then to bloom; And must be watered by the Shabd, Or withers from the breath of Kal.

lust as the rain that comes to earth Brings forth the flowers, shrubs and trees, When tears fall on the lover's heart Buds of God's Love burst into bloom And from these blooms a fragrance spreads To touch the hearts of all those whom The lover chances to pass by: And with that touch does purify. It is a spark that can't be hid. This power of love is Master's gift To those who bring their hearts to Him. For He is Nam, and Nam is Love, And He will give to meet the need Of lovers who have no desire Beyond the Will of the Beloved. The lane of Love so narrow is It can hold one, but holds not both: So when you are, then He is not, But when He is, then you are not. So must the ego be dissolved, So must the self be merged in Him, So must the drop return unto The ocean from which first it came. Thus with this Love the soul returns At last unto its true abode.

### IX RETURN

When the journey Home is started By Master's words and gift of Nam, By disciple's daily practice And daily living in His Will. The long path which soul descended At the time of the creation Now is ascended back to God. Each step taken with full knowledge. 'Tis not a passing dream or trance. Each step taken with the guidance, With the everloying presence. Of the Master who will lead soul Past all dangers and diversions. Past the Rulers of the Regions Who stop those who come unguided, But bow humbly unto Master, The noble Son of Sat Purush.

So the soul is led from prison Of its dull, heavy, human form Thru the 'tenth door' in the forehead To the glowing astral region, In the lowest part of Brahmand. Now the mind gets confirmation Of the dark nature of this world. Sees with its own lucid vision The past, present, and the future. The great wheel of awagawan, The justice of the Karmic Law; Knows for sure it was in prison, And freedom now is near at hand. Here the Radiant Form of Master First meets the upward climbing soul. Then from that wondrous moment on Is its guide and its companion,

Till all Regions have been conquered, And soul is back with Sat Purush. For the Master never leaves one Whom He has promised to take Home. From the first step till the last one In every Region on the Way, He is there to lead and counsel Each soul as it makes its own way. Truly there are many mansions On the long pathway back to God. Here soul sees vast lands of beauty Beyond the finest seen on Earth, Light and color, form and texture Far more real and far more lovely Than in any scene or structure Soul may have seen in this poor world; And a multitude of people From every nation on the Earth, With no barrier of language, For thought is freed from need of speech.

Guided by the Radiant Master
The soul now sees the Capital,
Beautiful Sahansdal Kanwal,
'Lotus of the Thousand Petals'.
Beauty beyond human language,
One thousand and one glowing lights
Each of different tint or color
In the heavenly form of a
Celestial lotus flower.
This Koh-i-nor, Mountain of Light —
Is the power house of Pinda,
Is the inner lamp that shineth,
Everlasting lamp that guideth,
When the Sat Guru has given
The soul the power to see the Light.

How long soul must spend exploring Before it leaves these astral worlds. Does depend upon its Karma, Upon its fitness for the Path, And upon the effort given To further progress on the way. In due time the Master takes it To Trikuti, second region, The home of Universal Mind. Freed now from the astral body Soul again can grow in power, Grow again in understanding Of the wonder and the glory. Of the overpowering splendor Of the Creator's majesty. Again human language fails us As nothing Earth has can compare To what soul can now experience, To what the soul can see and hear. And again it is but slowly That the soul can grow in power, Slowly as the karmic record Stored within the causal body Is destroyed by Grace and effort. Till at last, the perfect record Of all the countless thoughts and deeds, Gathered o'er the endless ages, No balance shows to be repaid.

Now, finally, the causal body Can be discarded by the soul. Now, finally, the soul's desires Have no need for such a body. Now there is but one desire To return Home to Sat Purush. And the mind which dominated Soul in all the lower realms,

Caught by the Shabd's greater power Has from the earth's attractions turned. Now it gives its full attention To that great melody of Love; Now it has but one desire -To merge in Universal Mind. So, from being soul's enslaver, The mind becomes soul's helpful friend; Each now with intense desire To return to its own true home. Finally, after countless lifetimes, The two at last part company; Mind in Universal Mind Now merges; and Soul is free! Free from all the many bodies, Free from all the downward pulls, Free from Kal and all his minions, Free to go to the next Region, To the third stage of the Masters, Nevermore to retrogress.

Certainly no earthly language
Contains the words that can convey
Any idea of light and music
Of this realm called Daswan Dwar.
Nor can mind of man conceive of
The way in which the soul does act
Now that it is pure spirit,
Now that it can understand
What it is and always has been,
From whence it came and now returns.
A pure drop from out that Ocean,
Which we in ignorance call God,
A drop with but one desire —
To be again absorbed in Him.
Brilliant shines this crystal droplet

To match a dozen blazing stars, Shines again with the lost glory Last seen before its long descent.

Swiftly now the soul moves onward With Master still the trusted guide, Thru that vast abysmal Darkness Masters call the Maha Sunn, Thru a Darkness which, unguided By One who comes from Him above, The soul would forever wander, Blind and lost, far from its Home. Safe within the Love of Master Whose Light no Darkness can bedim, With the eternal power of Shabd The soul now safely passes thru.

Enter then the fourth great Region Whose ruler Masters call Sohang; Enter where the soul realizes And cries, with overwhelming joy, "Lord, I am that. Lord, that am I!" As the sublime realization Comes that — Now and Forevermore — It is ONE with the Supreme ONE; Duality exists no more.

One more step the Master takes it, Unto the feet of Sat Purush To where now it is the Ocean, To where is all His Love and Peace. What can this poor poet tell you Of glories yet to comprehend? Something yet the muse would tell us, But mind and pen will never know. Soul must wait until that moment When Master says, "My job is done." At the end of that long journey
From mortal to Immortal God;
Merged in Him with life eternal,
Sharing all His attributes
The pure Soul will now be guided
To journey's end by Sat Purush.
As we said in the beginning,
Sat Desh can never be defined.
We can't even name the Nameless,
Its wonders cannot be described.
So we leave the Soul to travel,
Wrapped in Wisdom, Love and Power,
With Sat Purush — to THAT we call:
RADHASOAMI — Lord of All.

# AND OTHER POEMS

The following does not pretend to be a new translation of Omar Kahyyam's Rubaiyat. Since the most learned of critics cannot agree on the extent of mystical allegory in his verse, it seems best to avoid the controversy, and to describe these verses as a translation of Edward Fitzgerald's version.

Fitzgerald, I am sure, intended no mystical content. His poem, which has enjoyed continued popularity for over 100 years, is a paean to hedonistic fatalism. While this philosophy has its continuing appeal, it has long appeared to me that this beautiful verse could be turned to a better end.

This "translation" attempts to do that by a change of some 20% of the words in Fitzgerald's Fifth Version, some deletions, and a major restructuring. After the initial "Wake!—", the structure takes the Soul thru the sequence of doubt, hedonism, and fatalistic depression faced in its search for the answer to life. Finally, a sense of hope and purpose appears, and then, thru the essence of Sant Mat, the Soul finds its true identity.

Hopefully, the changes made have not destroyed the poetic excellence of the originals, and neither Omar nor Mr. Fitzgerald would object to the license taken with their work.

## THE RUBAIYAT

Wake! Before the Sun, who scatters into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the Phantom of False Morning died "Awake!", the Master's voice within me cried, "When all the Temple is prepared within, Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

And, as the Cock crew, those who woke before To the Master pray — "Open then the Door.

You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, would'st return no more."

Now to still the pull of old Desires, The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires, To seek the Inner Worlds as Jesus taught, And that Oneness to which our Heart aspires.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

Look to the way of most about us — tho, Laughing at Fate, into the World they blow; The silken tassels of their purses tear, And God given Treasure on the Garden throw.

Some for the Glories of this World; and some Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come; Some take the Cash, and let the Credit go, Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare, And those that after some TO-MORROW stare, A muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries, "Fools! Your Reward is neither Here nor There."

And all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Escape of Spirit from this World — are thrust
In fire, or upon a Cross to die,
Their Words, with scorn, are trampled in the Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Self proclaimed gurus, and heard great argument
About Life and Death; but evermore I
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow, And without His Hand wrought to make it grow; But this was all the Harvest that I reap'd — "Naked came — naked from this world will go."

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Glory in this World much wrong:
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a Song.

Once to the Lip of a poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return."

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit Of this and that endeavour and dispute: Better be jocund with this fruitful Grape Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor — well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?

A Blessing — we should use it, should we not? And if a curse — why, then, Who set it there?

But when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find me by the river-brink,
And offering his Cup, invite my Soul
Forth to this Kiss of Death — I'll cry and shrink!

I must abjure this Drink of Death, I must! Seared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust, Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink, That frees the Soul from Anger, Greed and Lust.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before I swore — but was I sober when I swore? And then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose! That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close! The Nightingale that in the branches sang, Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Whether at work or free for careless fun, Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run, The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop, The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say; Yes, but where lives the Rose of Yesterday? And this first Summer month that brings the Rose Shall take a Friend or Relative away.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best That from his Vintage — rolling time hath prest, Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before, And one by one crept silently to rest.

Into Kal's World we are sent not knowing Why nor Whence, like water idly flowing; And out of it as Wind along the Waste, We know not to what Fate we are going.

Why some are poor, and some to Purple born Earth could not answer, nor the Seas forlorn,
Nor Heav'n thru those eternal Signs reveal'd And hidden by the Sleeve of Night and Morn.

When you and I behind the Veil are past
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest; Some comfort in this realm of Death at best. The next Sun rises, and the Dark Angel Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

A moment pass'd — then back behind the Fold Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd Which for the Pastime of Eternity, He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

Think as you watch those who to Mammon pray For Wealth, Glory, Power, day after day, How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp Abode his destined Hour and went his way. They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Gengis gloried and drank deep:
While he, ground by the Wheel of Eighty-four,
In some sub-human form does climb or creep.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green Fledges the River-lip on which we lean — Ah, lean upon it lightly! For who knows In what mighty Hunter that Soul has been.

And fear not lest Existence closing your Account and Mine, should know the like no more; The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line, Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to It for help — for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveler might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Would but some wing'ed Angel ere too late Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate, And make the stern Recorder otherwise Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Are we no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun illumined Lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon His Chequer-board of Nights and Days:
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays?

Why out of senseless Nothing to provoke A conscious Something to assume a yoke Of unearned Pleasure or of fickle Pain? T'would make the purpose of Free-will a joke!

Why from His helpless Creatures be repaid
Pure Gold for what He lent them dross-allay'd?
Sue for a Debt they never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh, the sorry trade!

But thou who does with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I am to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, but leave free choice 'tween Love and Sin.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
Our Fate is what we made it! One's own choice,
Not His, determines how one lives and dies.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible, Some letter of that After-life to spell: And by and by my Soul return'd to me, And answer'd, "I myself choose Heav'n or Hell."

Know you that this Day's Madness did prepare Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair. Think! For you know now whence you came and why; Think! For you know now why you go and where.

For those who husbanded the Golden grain And did not fling it to the winds like Rain, Alike unto such aureate Earth are turned As, buried once, need not return again.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend, Before we too into the Dust descend; Dust into Dust, but Spirit to Thee flies Sans Lust, sans Greed, the last Attachments rend.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of Human Life, a chance we must not waste —
Or Lo! The Wheel of Eighty-four has turn'd,
And Human form is lost — Oh soul make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
To find the SECRET — quick about it, Friend!
The Grace of God divides the False and True;
Ignore that Grace and to the Depths descend!

The Grace of God divides the False and True;
And to selected Souls provides the clue —
Will they but grasp it — to the Treasure-house
Of Nam, and to the LIVING MASTER, Who

Is ever-present thru Creation's veins
To initiate those who take the pains
To seek escape from Maya, False the rest—
They change and perish all—but HE remains.

Keep thee along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the Desert from the sown,
Whether born Slave or Sultan, care ye not —
Worship your Master, not the golden Throne!

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd
Are all but stories, which, tho full of Truth
Have, by themselves, no souls to Heav'n returned.

The Saints alone, among the myriads who Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through Return to tell us of the Path to Heav'n, Which to discover we must travel too.

Oh Thou who man of five tatwas did'st make, Sent Shabd, our thirst for Paradise to slake. Alone among all Creatures on the Wheel, Man, thru Master, is shown the Path to take.

Then, under cover of departing Day,
To learn from watching HIS eternal Play,
It seemed within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain My substance of the Common Earth was ta'en And to this Figure moulded, to be broke, Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish Boy Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy; And He that with His hand the vessel made Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake

Some Vessel of a more ungainly make;

"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:

What! Did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

"Why," said another, "some there are who tell
Of One who threatens He will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots He marr'd in making — Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot —
I think much closer to the Truth than not —
"All this of Pot and Potter — tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Well," murmur'd one, "too long in here we lie! My Clay with this Oblivion is gone dry; But fill me with the nectar of the Word, Methinks I might recover by and by." So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The Living Master came, that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder knot-a-creaking!"

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring Your Earthly-garment of Attachment fling; The Bird of time has but a little way To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

Intoxicate with Love as with the Wine; Each Master's teaching shows the same design. "Be mine!" — the Shabd cries unto the Soul, And gives the spark to make the Soul divine.

As then the tulip, for her morning sup Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up, Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n With Shabd fills you like a brimming Cup.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine, Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign; Meditate with Soul in charge of Mind, Till both accept the Master's will benign.

So now, my Friends, Lust's burning flame to douse I've made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Heavenly Shabd to Spouse.

For by the Grace of God there is a Vine
The Grape of which will yield the WORD Divine.
Would'st care the purpose of Life to fathom,
Be never deep in any but this Wine!

And lately by the Inner Door agape
Came shining thru the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on His shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two and Seventy jarring Sects confute,
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty, eternal, all present, LORD
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before Him with His whirlwind Sword.

This Wine has struck a fibre which ends doubt And turns predestined Dust and Soul about, So of Base metal may be filed a Key That shall unlock the Door HE waits without.

Ah, with this WORD my fading life provide, And wash the Soul before this Life has died, And lead me, shielded by Thy Living Self, To some Satsang frequented Garden-side.

That ev'n my multi-wrapp'd Soul such a snare Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air As not a True-believer passing by But shall be of HIS presence made aware.

A quiet corner underneath a Bough
A bit of Fruit, a loaf of Bread — and THOU
Inside me — singing, brilliant Radiance —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Ah, my Beloved, send the Nam that clears
Today of past Regrets and future Fears:
Tomorrow! — Why, tomorrow I may be
At last with THEE beyond this vale of Tears.

And this I know — that Nam, the one True Light, Kindles a Love which will consume me quite.

One Flash of It by meditation caught
Better than any Temple's proclaimed might.

Then of the THEE in me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard
His voice command — "The me within thee Blind!"

Up from Mind's Center thru the Tenth Gate
I rose and with Radiant Master sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd from my load
Of Karma — master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found the Key; There was the Veil thru which I learned to see: A distinction first between me and THEE There was — and then at last no more of me.

Yon rising Sun that looks for me again — How oft hereafter will she rise and wane; How oft hereafter rising look for me Before — at last — she looks for me in vain!

And when like her, dear Master, You shall pass
Each human form of englazed Karmic mass,
And in Your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made ONE — turn down an empty Glass!

### VARIATIONS ON A THEME

For many years, for many centuries — No, for millions of those short spans, Marked by the orbit of this speck we call the Earth, Has the eternal spark of soul Dwelled in these dark and foreign lands. So long a time — so much experienced — That recollection of the Soul's true home No longer stirs the mind and heart. Wrapped in the Causal body — slave of Mind, Each soul in frantic and erratic pattern moves. Now to the sensual pleasures of astral worlds: Light, airy — true of color and of form To show its nature and the thoughts Which come and go — but which can not be hid. Then, pulled by stored desires and acts of grosser form, The soul another body takes in this material world. A body to enjoy the sense of touch and taste; A body thick — of form and shape to carefully conceal The thoughts and appetites contained. And, to the balance keep, this body Keenly feels the suffering and pain Earned in the ages past; And by its acts, writes clear the future To which that soul will pass. Then — change again! This time to Causal form alone: To freedom and to heights beyond the words of man, Rewarded for keen worship of the will of Kal: Refulgent, fearless, proud and strong, For seeming ages basking in this Light — And then -Ah — such a sorry fate for that Which is the essence of Creator's Self! Slave to a mind which thinks it, too, is free. Such vast conceit — as if the balls In this great cosmic billiard game

Claimed full freedom of choice,
As they from ball to ball to cushion bounce
In precise angle and velocity,
Then roll to momentary rest —
Until Kal wishes the next point be made;
Deluded by the thought that — if the stroke be true —
It is their skill, their choice what path they take,
What contact make with others in the game.

Perhaps, in ages past when souls first to these regions came, A different game was played. An inner source of power in each ball Would freedom of direction give: The chance, by one's own will, To give or avoid pain, To rest awhile, or to position gain Where one might dominate the game. But soon or late each ball, each player, This source of power consumed And transferred to the perfect record Kept by Kal, the score of all those moves. And what position each is in. Kal's rules now control the game! No recollection have we of all those prior moves — For, if we did, we would in horror and revolt Demand the game to end. Nor do we plead for death no matter What the form in which the soul is wrapped. At times, we may complain when, Though true hit, we roll quite wide the mark; We cry — "unfair, the cloth is old and worn!" Unconscious of the fact these grooves were made By our own weight in ages past. So - play we must - and play we do -And full vent give to all emotions raised.

Say, if you wish, some power yet remains To choose our path, to play a better game; Some recollection by the soul of brighter days, Of truer Love, gives impetus to alter Kal's designs. Yet — can the soul, unaided and alone, Escape these foreign lands? With such great skill has Kal this game devised That every touch of ball on ball makes The emotions clash and roar! If there were any other Sound or Light Which might distract us from this game, Full well does Kal upon us play So that the clash and roar does drown It out And blind us to Its sheen. With skill fantastic to behold He turns the tender blush of love To lust that twists and binds and ties. In every form soul occupies An instinct lies to multiply, That there may always bodies be Where Kal's array of souls May find a form and way of life To suit their stored desires. This instinct, in mankind, does far exceed The needs to multiply, and hence is turned To acts, to thoughts, to desires of such intensity That new formed chains and bonds Replace the old cast off, and keep Us deep in debt, securely bound, to other souls And to the Pinda level of desires. Sex, and the other appetites which seek indulgence For the momentary pleasures gained — The stimulants and drugs we take to Make the real unreal; all the unnecessary foods To please our taste; the sensuous, The self indulgent idleness of body and of mind; All these - Kal's arsenal of lusts -Keep thoughts on lower planes. "As a man thinketh, so is he!"

Four other deadly passions must we face Each time our thoughts would turn towards Home. Observe how quickly Kal can turn us in our path When proffered kindness — good advice — Is met with scorn or rude abuse. How quickly we reply in kind, or nurse The wound until it - like a cancer grows To blossom forth in word or deed to hurt or villify. We call the birds and beasts the 'lower forms'. They will with courage fight for life or food Or to protect their young; But if they act as man, and would do hurt Beyond these natural ways, We call them 'mad' — and quickly meet out death! Yet this exalted form of man Will in the madness of anger both act — And justify the acts — That will destroy a reputation or a love, That will another mame or kill. Or — no way satisfied with such minor impact — We band together to let collective passion build And so corrupt till nations upon nations fall And do unloose the horror of the hounds of war!

Lust and anger Kal sets to bind us
To the planes of body and of mind;
Then, to be sure that we will spend our time
Engrossed in this everchanging game,
He adds Greed and Attachment to bind us
Even lower — to the material plane.
He makes for us a god of gold and silver,
Then teaches us to scheme, both night and day,
On how to make increase of what we have;
And how, by means both fair and foul,
To gain control of that which we have not.
Greed hardens heart and blinds the eye
To all but that which can be bought.
It so deludes, that in its snare,

One thinks that, given enough coin, Another's love can be assured — And heaven's gates be opened wide! So, life is spent in this pursuit, And in defense of what one has: With every action justified if it Will gain or save from loss some THING Which we would call our own. Poor man — it takes a higher and a clearer sight To see in this who is the master — Who the slave -To see where, after death, do all the trinkets go; To see the crushing, grinding weight Of locks and chains that bind the soul Unto those persons, places, and those things To which attachment made it slave. Then — who is poor? Know that it is not be who little has. But he who wishes more! And who is giving proper care To that which, in His Love, God has bestowed? Know it is he who truly God does thank For that which comes and that which goes: Then gives that time in every day To worship Him in spirit and in truth.

My Lord — where are you — Lord?

Think, if you wish, some power
Yet remains to passion's slave
To lift you from this life,
To bend life to your will.
So think — so act — but know
That Kal does but rejoice
When any soul does so proclaim!
For well he knows how he can now
This ego feed, can nurture it and make it grow
Till it does wrap that soul in coverings so vast

That eons hence it still will be enmeshed. Ah, what delight Kal takes in feeding One who says that he knows god; Who says that he, alone, can save himself; Who says that he can tell mankind Exactly what the scriptures mean And what is 'good' and what an 'evil' act. Oh, very easy Kal will make his path So such a one will boast and strut and show That all may know him to be great — That he may never have a moment's fear, A little twinge of doubt, a thought That, in some unknown way, He has o'erlooked the truth, Has shunned an offer humbly made That would have truly led to Home.

And so, the game goes on — and on — While some, more weary than the rest, Do seek and dream. They hear, perhaps, a story told That Kal — the god of all — Is not the God of All! That he is, too, a player in this cosmic game; And paths there are which lead beyond his realm. They hear, perhaps, that Masters of another time Would sometimes guide a worthy soul Along these unmarked paths; And such a soul would, one by one, The bodies shed in such a way That nevermore they would return. Then, standing forth in its true light, The soul at last was welcomed Home.

My Lord — where are you — Lord?

Stories — idle stories of a night — And then the day's stern, harsh realities! Too often has one dreamed — and lost;

Too often seen these 'masters' turn to clay. How in this teeming world,
This world so skilled in lies and greed,
Can one a MASTER find?
— Assuming such exist.

But stories — Ah these stories!
Surely the Creator must have some purpose
Beyond the ceasless clatter of this game
Or, why would such thoughts exist?
Rules enough there are on how to play
To please the ruler of these realms,
To make sufficient golden points
To rise to glory by his side;
To live to play another game
When resurrection's trumpet blows!
So why have stories, for a few,
Which speak of other Paths than this,
Which give a different route to follow —
And different reward at the end —
Unless the Path exists?

If Path there is, and Guide there is, What keeps them hidden from mankind? What is the fog that blinds the eye, What cruel disease that blocks the ear To such a call? Ego it is. The worst of all the deadly hoard Of passions man is subject to! We say we seek — And even by that saying fall Into the well laid trap. Poor blind and ignorant soul — think now! Who is the seeker — who the sought? Would it not truly tragic be To blame the lost and crying sheep For finding not the shepherd or the fold When fleeing from the wolf of death? Oh silly, boastful lamb to say:

It found the shepherd in the storm and night.

Down ego — down!

Who is the seeker — who the sought?

If you be of this other flock,

You can be sure the Shepherd knows;

And rest assured that — tho you're blind —

The Shepherd is not weak of sight.

A lost lamb's plaintive, helpless call

Is model for the prayer to raise

To put the ego in its place —

To tell the Shepherd how you feel.

My Master — Where are you — Loving Master?

Long, long before the soul's descent Into the three worlds run by Kal, The ONE we THE CREATOR call Did plan, also, the soul's return. We know not why the game is played, Nor when nor how a soul matures, But many times we have been told That 'Sons of God' come to this earth To take their marked sheep back to Home. They do not come as conquerors To change the way Kal runs his worlds. They do not perform miracles Which would the multitudes attract. They come in woman's form or man's And live where they can meet their flock, In every age and every time. They earn their bread as you or I; In fact — the worldly cannot tell By any outward mark or act When they are in the presence of The CREATOR in human form — The Power and the Light. The worldly may not know — but Kal does know And quickly acts to guard his store of souls. The priests of Kal are there to villify

The person and the teachings of this Saint — Dire warnings of the fate which will befall Followers of such a foolish path; And violence, even, to the Lord Himself! Then, after He is gone, the lessons He has taught Must quickly be rephrased, To help a clergy and a temple grow That the attention may be safely kept Upon the outward and the changing world. But all of this the Masters do not mind, For it does act as gate keeper to bar Those souls not ready for this step; Yet no way stops the souls to whom He calls!

My Master, my Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

Now, in this cosmic billiard game Another power is seen. Implant, let's say, within one ball A core of pure iron. Impose upon the playing field A vast magnetic power, Controlled so that the ball so marked Does play the game so well — That points it would a life time take Now, in one simple move, Are made — and balanced to the score. See how the ball can roll and bounce Without a backward step. See how, in time, it seems to rise Above the green felt cloth; Rise by this power felt within To worlds beyond our ken — Then, in a blinding flash of light, Merge with the ALL IN ONE.

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

He pulls, we search;

Kal growls, and we do turn aside.
He pulls, we take a step
And ten He takes to meet with us.
Kal roars, and we again do hide.
He laughs, for He can see the whole vast game,
And time — so real to us — is naught to Him.
He pulls, and we with sudden joy
Find Him, in human form.
He tells us why, and where, and how
In clear and simple terms.
He asks us to four vows obey,
To which we give our pledge;
Then He with mystic touch
Does take His place within.

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

How can one finite man the Infinite contain? The 'mind' asks this, and tries to understand What it does mean — what the impact — Of Master as omnipotent, Of Master as omnipresent, Of Master as omniscient? We puzzle, and we ask, And He with patience does explain That students in first grade May not quite understand The concepts which the Ph.D. Manipulates with ease. Then, if we this accept, He, in His Love so kind, By a few simple words and acts Will show an open mind How very real these powers are, How much we are His slave.

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

We ask him how we should behave, While in this land of Kal,

So that we pay what debts are due And do not add on more. He says, that we should act each act As an agent for Him, Then all is done as He would do And no new karma gained. He says that we must think each thought For all the world to see: And speak as tho each word we speak The whole wide world could hear. No better guide has been devised, Than in these simple words, To measure and control what we Would do and say and think. If we care not the hurt we do With careless thought or word, Or hope, because the weapon be Such an ethereal thing, It does not leave a lasting wound Where it we cruelly fling, Then we still are not ready for The treasures He does bring. And yet we know that, at the start, No matter how we try, We lack the power to change at once Old habits of the mind. If He just told us what to do But gave us not the strength, Sant Mat would be an empty shell — Of no value to mankind.

So Master does not leave us there With just that good advice, But backs His pledge to take us Home With Power and with Care. With Care that only can be given By ONE who lives with us; By ONE who speaks and writes to us

In words we understand;
By ONE who shows by His own life
The way that we should be
And, in His omnipresent form
Is with us when we call.
Then, those who do the effort make
To keep the vows they took,
In due time hear the Shabd's ring
With music so divine —
That mind does willingly desert
The old, gross appetites,
And clings to thoughts and acts which will
Keep Shabd ringing clear!

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

So — day by day, and bit by bit, We make some progress on this path; Yet, still we wonder — and debate — Who is it runs the game? If we do not quite measure up — Take meat, or drink, give in to lust — Is it our karma, or our will? Will it bring us to grief? Say that the iron set billiard ball By its desire does the core shift. What an erratic course 'twill take, How long will be the game! He set the core in center true. He told us how to keep it there. So, if we yield to downward pull, Blame not lack of His Grace. We may be weak, but He is not. We may forget, but He does not. We may deny, but He will not. His grip is strong and sure. He gave His pledge to take us Home; All the way to His Home — Sach Khand. He said: in four lifetimes, or less,
The journey would be done.
So, if we choose to waste some time
In fun and games with this world's toys,
He will — in time — intensify
The power of His Love.
The circumstances, or the birth,
Of that erratic soul will change,
Till those attachments for this world
Are drowned in tears of Love.
Fear not the anger of the Lord;
It is His Love which purifies.
Accept it as thy daily bread —
Wait not for the bear hug!

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

And, if you would at times
Lift up your mind in prayer,
Give thought to what, and why,
You pray, and unto whom you call.
Consider that most of our prayers
Fall into three broad groups:
We pray that we may be given
Some help, or power, or thing;
Or pray that we be forgiven
Some act, or thought, or word;
Or, at times, a heartfelt prayer
Is to the Lord in thanks given.

If we believe — as we should know — That all we have now comes from Him; That Master knows, and in His Love, Joy or sorrow in measure gives Which best assures our progress Home; We would not ask for anything Which would increase our worldly debt, Or which would change the way it's paid.

The prayers then, which will benefit, Are those which bring us into tune With the harmony of His Grace. Ask only that the Master give That which He knows is best for us. Then spend the effort and the time In heartfelt prayer of thankfulness For all which He has given. Remembering, too, while we pray, How very near He is to us; The prayer need only rise as far As His seat at the inner eye. Closer He is than breathing, Nearer than hands and feet!

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

Oh mind — be still — and know that I am God. Be still — for only then can you the Shabd hear. And only thru the Shabd can you go Within, beyond the reach of thought and intellect. Remember Him by repetition of His name. Remember Him by contemplation on His form. Be still — till, like the surface of the mountain lake Reflects the glory of the snow capped peak, The smooth, unruffled surface of the mind Can that inner light reflect. Be still — so that the brilliance of that light May the age old veil of ego penetrate, And shine upon thine inner, single eye. In stillness and in single pointed love, Follow the beam — thru the land of dreams Into the Astral world, unto Sahansdal Kanwal, the city of a thousand lights. And there, in brilliance, beauty, truth You will behold — be welcomed by — Your Master in His radiant astral form. In stillness now the mind will truly know It, too, is at last going home

And will become soul's helper and its friend. In stillness He doth say: 'Abide in me, Letting the Word abide in you. Then ye may ask what ye will And it will be done unto you.'

My Master, My Master — Thank you — Loving Master.

Bright soul — so long a captive in these foreign lands — So long the helpless plaything of the mind; Living always in fear of Death, Dying only to live and die again; Know now that Death no longer has the power To frighten or to touch the Master's sheep. He alone says when we shall depart. He alone meets the unfettered soul. No stranger are you to the higher worlds If daily you have given Him your love. And when the silver cord at last is cut, The only tears are golden tears of joy. No reason for a backward thought or glance; Each act, each thought, each wish, for Him alone, As in His care we cross the realms of Kal. In time the astral body too is shed. Then just the mind and soul in Trikuti dwell While the very last of all the stored records — The give and take of that vast billiard game — Are burned to ashes by the power of Nam: And all the credits and the debts marked 'PAID'! Now soul is free — is free even from the mind. It stands unveiled, as brilliant as the stars And in this brilliance does at last realize There is but ONE who controlled all the moves!

One more step up — which soul, alone, could never take, But safely takes, protected by the Master still; And suddenly the realization dawns That what we 'soul' and what we do 'creator' call Are ONE — I am THAT, and THAT am I!

Thence to Sach Khand, and Master's job is done. The soul redeemed, the odyssey is o'er. No words of man can give a hint Of what this Light, and Song, and Love is like. Suffice to know that, now, but ONE exists — The ALL-IN-ONE for now and evermore.

Oh — Thank you — Loving Master!

### TO THE NEW INITIATE

The Path is long, the way is steep.
A traveler alone lacks strength
Each step alone to take.
What needs this traveler as he starts,
What holds his hand and lights the dark?
'Tis Love in myriad ways.

Our senses dimmed with worldly dross, The Source of Love cannot discern, Small sparks alone we see. But matched with love from in our heart These sparks become the help we need, The Path to start and keep.

In future years when Love has won
The first steep heights toward Home,
A stronger light will guide.
But, till His Radiant Form we see,
Our hands are held, our hearts are warmed
By other Satsangis.

The Living Master's Love we know And see reflected in each soul's glow, Shabd incarnate. Each wakening Soul, a spark of Love, Turns Love to light, to strength, to song And no one walks alone.

## WHAT PRICE?

The sceptic asked in his business way, "What initiation fee must one pay?" The answer which quickly came to mind Was, "No fee at all, of any kind." Later the realization grew That this quick answer was quite untrue. No money or gifts of material kind, Nor item of value to the business mind, Is accepted in payment, part or whole — For value received, we pledge our Soul! And since the gift without the giver is bare, Three hours a day with Him we share. And every act thruout the day We try to do in the Master's way. Our desires are not for worldly gains, But for eternal life above these pains. And in exchange for this tiny fee, To become, at last, one with Thee.

#### KISMET

If it be true that all our fate Is written in the sands of time. And what we do can never change One jot of karma in this life: If man propose, but God dispose, Why should we plan, and work, and scheme? Why not just rest, and let the Lord Take care of us as He sees best? A follower of the Prophet asked. "If it be Allah's will that my Camel should wander in the night. Why prey, should I its legs to tie That it may be here when I rise? Why should I not to Allah trust The care and feeding of this beast, And let Him take it if He must, Then find some other work for me?"

The Prophet answered firm and loud — "Man, would you live in Allah's care Be sure you do not burden Him With that which you yourself must do! Do first your best, and then put trust In grace and mercy of the Lord. Before you sleep, the camel's legs Tie firmly that it may not stray. Give it the food and drink it needs, Then pray to Allah that He may Protect you and the beast all night — Then rise and work another day."

## WHEN EARTH'S ATTRACTIONS HAVE FADED

(from R. Kipling)

When Earth's attractions have faded and the spirit is twisted and dried,
When the taste for pleasure is jaded, and the hope for power has died,
We shall seek, and with faith we shall meet Him — have Nam from a Sat Guru,
Then the Master with love and kindness shall rekindle our souls anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit at the Master's feet,
They shall travel mid splendors undreamed of till the Lord of All they meet.
They shall have real Saints to talk with — souls restored from their fall;
They shall know the truths of the ages and find Death has no sting at all!

And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame. And no one shall lust for money, and no one shall long for fame, But each thru the power of Shabd and each thru his inner door, Shall find the Pathway to Heaven, then a life with Him evermore.

## LOVE

Love is the power Divine, Nam's melody sublime. With it there is no law, No rule by tooth and claw, No hate or fear.

Woulds't you escape the wheel, The door to Heaven unseal? Love is the Master's way, The sword with which we slay The passions five.

Love is the only thing, Love is my golden wing. On it to thee I rise, On it my soul relies For life divine.

## THINK

Think! — before you criticize
Is this what the Master would say?
Are you building up, or tearing down,
In a cruel and careless way?
Are you giving hurt in return for hurt,
Or sharing the Love we receive?
For those who forgive, He will forgive,
But the judge will be Judged, I believe.

I cannot say what S. T. Coleridge had in mind when he wrote 'Kubla Khan', but if we unravel his verse, then weave in the threads of Sant Mat, perhaps both beauty and meaning will appear.

#### SAWAN SINGH

In the Punjab did Sawan Singh A stately Satsang Gar decree; Where the broad Beas River ran Thru wastelands meaningless to man Down to the salty sea.

And bit by bit the fertile ground
With walls and towers was girdled round,
And soon were gardens bright with birds and flowers
Shaded by many a green and fruitful tree;
And here were gullies ancient as the hills
Transformed to fertile fields of greenery.

But O, how sweet the Dera which has planted Its peace across the barren Punjab plain! A wondrous place, as holy and enchanted As any where the Creator has granted Mankind the presence of a Living Master. And from this Dera, His ceaseless Love is flowing Around this earth to all whom HE is calling; A mighty fountain of His Love and Grace, Amid whose currents we are scrubbed and washed To cleanse us of attachments, greeds and lusts, As chaffy grain beneath the thrasher's flail: And from this cleansing we at last, forever Return to Home upon the Sacred River.

This Pathway, meandering with a mazy motion Thru five great Regions, measureless to man; A Sacred River upon which no soul can Safely travel to the Creator's Ocean Without the Master as a guiding star, And Shabd's power ringing from afar.

Dera with all that we do treasure

But a shadow of the Real

Where is heard the mingled measure

Of the Shabd's ringing peal.

Just a faint reflection in man's eyes

From the Regions where his real home lies!

Five damsels with a dulcimer In meditation once I saw: They were with three Masters array'd And on their dulcimer they play'd The music of the Shabd. When I revive within me That symphony and song, To such a deep delight does win me, With that music loud and long, I can reach that Home so fair, The Father's Home! The greatest prize! And all He calls can see Him there. His flashing eyes, His radiant hair! When they alone for Him do care! Weave only those Heavenly ties, And close your eyes to what is dead, For He on honey-dew hath fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## CHARAN SINGH JI

(from E. A. Poe)

Since many and many a year ago,
At the Dera, over the sea.

A Master there lived whom you may know
By the name of Charan Singh Ji;
And this Master He lives with
No other thought
Than to love every Satsangi.

I was a soul enslaved by Kal,
And Master was over the sea,
But He loved with a love that
Was more than love —
This Master, Charan Singh Ji;
With a love such that Kal
In his heaven above
Was afraid of losing me.

And this is the reason as wise men know
At the Dera of Baba Ji,
That Kal sends Lust, Anger and Greed, hiding
My Master, Charan Singh Ji;
And all the powers of Maya come
To keep Him away from me,
To keep me from Bhajan and Simran
And from my Master over the sea.

The angels not half so happy in heaven
Went envying Him and me.
Yes! — That is the reason (as all men know
At the Dera of Baba Ji)
That Kal sends Attachment and Vanity,
Chilling my longing for Charan Singh Ji.

But His Love it is stronger by far than the love
Of those who would keep Him from me —
Of many far closer to me —
And neither Kal's angels in heaven above,
Nor his deamons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of Maharaj Charan Singh Ji.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Charan Singh Ji;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Charan Singh Ji;
And so all the nighttide, I do simran inside So my Master, my Guru, my life and my Guide
Can awaken the Shabd in me
And return me to Radha Swami.

## PSAL M

The Master's my shepherd; no more shall I want. He maketh me to hear the Holy Shabd, He leadeth me home to Sach Khand. He restoreth my soul.

He leadeth me to a path of righteousness with Nam's strength.

Wherever I walk in this valley of shadow and death,
I shall fear no evil,
For Thou art with me.

Thy Radiant Form shall comfort me.

Thou preparest the Path before me to the highest of heavens;
Thou controlleth my karma.
My love runneth over,
Surely if I follow Guru and Shabd all the days of my life,
I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

## IF IT BE THY WILL

Dear Master, if my karmic fate decree
That to this lower world I 'gain return,
Would that it be I could select the
Place and form. A layer of brick — I'd be —
Humble, poor — but permitted by Thy
Grace to build for Thee.
To fashion, place, and true, brick by brick,
And row by row, buildings for Thy worldly use;
Formed from Dera's clay on which Thou walk.

Is it permitted, Lord, to have such joy; While in Kal's world You finish shaping me To purer form and truer love for Thee; That I might labor days where Master walks, And walk at night within my Master's care? What more is offered in the higher realms? Oh, soul ,there is temptation here that Makes us careless of our lot as long As we are slave to Him. We must not Rest — but seek that Radiant Form within!

So better still — Oh Lord — keep Ye
This present pot of clay, imperfect shap'd,
Longer on this wheel — till pressed
And pulled and pushed from out, while
Guided by Thy loving hand inside,
At last 'tis shaped to perfect harmony.
Perhaps then this bit of Soul is fit
To labor at Thy feet in higher worlds
And fashion from the cosmic dust
Bricks for the stairway to Sach Khand;

— If it be Thy Will.

## PRAYER

Our Master which art within us, Radiant form of Nam; Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, And our souls return to Heaven.

Give us this day Thy Grace divine
And attach us to Nam
So we attain detachment;
Lead us, O Lord, into Thy presence
And deliver us from our karma;
For Thine is the Kingdom
And the Power
And the Glory
Forever and ever —
Amen.

In the musical "Guys and Dolls", based on Damon Runyon's characters, there is a very beautiful song sung by the leads when they realize that they are in love. Of course it is this love that saves the sinner from his wasted life.

In a much more real sense we have been given a Love which will save us from our sins and from this world. The words of that song so beautifully express the joy of the awakening soul when it realizes — 'I've never been in Love before".

## I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE

I've never been in love before, I've never known what it means. Until HE came into my life That word meant many different things: Those things which bind us to this world -Which make us slave to our desires. But now this slave has been set free And knows what Love can really be; When thru the magic of His Word HE shares creation's Love with me.

I've never been in love before, I've never glimps'd what it could be. Although I've lived millions of lives, And shared that which the world calls love: The love of parent and the child -The love of sweethearts in the Spring -The passion all too soon destroyed By constant change of all we see; Or felt for that which cannot be: Love lost but it was not for Thee!

I've known that which is called love By those who give the passions names I've stolen that my love might eat; I've killed to keep my love from harm. And thru these passions men call love, These fleeting pleasures of the flesh, My mind, my body and my soul Were mortgaged so deeply in debt That Kal was master of my fate, Till You did bring True Love to me.

I now Have glimps'd a Master's Love. I now have known what it means By contrast seen that worldly love a shadow of His Light. By contrast now begin to see Attachment binds, but LOVE sets free. In worldly love, there're always two, In Divine LOVE, two cannot be. All worldly love comes to an end. Masters Love for eternity!

HE now has pledged to guide this soul From out this darkness unto Light; To guide it all the long, long way Until it merges once again Into the Oneness that is God. And daily as it turns to Him From out the turmoil of this world, It feels the power of His Love, It hears the sweetness of the Shabd. Ego is melted by His Love.

No more is there an 'I' and 'He'. Thru Love the opened eye can see Only His hand in everything. Thru Love the opened heart does sing Only His praise for everything; For every moment, every act, As He does cleanse the lover's soul; As He does change the dross to gold Till shining with that pristine Light At last 'tis ONE, again, with HIM.

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE SATSANGI

Mine eye has seen the glory of the everlasting Lord; He is tramping out the vintage where my karma has been stored:

He has loosed the chains of bondage that my prior lives had forged.

He is my Sat Guru.

Master, Master Charan Singh Ji, Thank you, thank you, Charan Singh Ji, Radha Soami Charan Singh Ji. He is my Sat Guru.

I have been Kal's faithful servant for one hundred thousand lives;

Yet He's given me the Shabd which will break these karmic ties;

As I do my daily simran, my soul begins to rise To meet my Sat Guru.

#### Refrain

I am weak and poor and helpless and would oft admit defeat;

My mind rebels at having to the names so oft repeat;

But He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat!

He is my Sat Guru.

## Refrain

I have seen the Living Master both as man and God Divine;
He has relit the altar fire and has placed His hand on mine;
But till I see Him in His Light Form, my soul alone must pine.
Help me O Sat Guru.

#### Refrain

With the beauty of the Shabd He will mind and soul set free;
By the Glory of His darshan He transfigures you and me;
As we're dyed in His devotion, we will learn to die daily;
And be ONE with Sat Guru.

Master, Master Charan Singh Ji, Thank you, thank you, Charan Singh Ji, Radha Soami Charan Singh Ji. He is my Sat Guru. The beautiful words of advice — "Take me with you in your Heart" were spoken by Master to Sam Busa when Sam had to leave Dera for a short journey and was disappointed that Master — in the physical body — could not accompany him.

They were chosen as the theme for a Bandara at Chicago in the fall of 1974 to guide the thoughts and the love of His followers meeting together in His Love, but without His physical presence.

As a theme, these few words say something about the whole span of our existence. They speak of

- A time without Him
- A time getting to know Him
- A time with Him
  - Till there is no time.

## TAKE ME WITH YOU IN YOUR HEART

"Take me with you in your heart," said Master with a smile.
"Keep me there, where'er you go, and I'll be with you all the while."

Such a story those words tell of the travels of the soul!

Of where its been and yet must go — of the Path to the wondrous Goal.

To hear these words in the Master's voice is a treat beyond compare.

For the soul that hears has been given a gift, a gift that is truly rare.

Only the Master really knows how to value the gift He has given, And only the few that He does touch will turn from the world to listen.

But whenever a soul is ready to hear, wherever that soul may be, God in the Living Master's Form is there to hear and to see.

And this is the story that He does tell of the travels of such a one;
The past, the present, the future course till its journey at last is done.

When time began you were with me — in Sach Khand, our Father's Home — But it was His Will that you should go and thru all of Creation roam.

Then, from out of the One you did descend, thru the Regions from Light to dark, With an infinite number of other souls each a separate eternal spark.

And in order to live in these worlds below a series of bodies you took, First the mental and causal; the ego, the I, a unique, but yet empty book;

Then, an astral body with beautiful glow to wear in an astral world; A body so clear that all could see your thoughts as they twisted and curled!

At last, to the lowest of worlds you moved, to this world of physical need, And took the gross, heavy, material form subject to pain and fear and greed.

Still a spark, for sure, of the Eternal One but so enwrapped that no light did show — And even the soul itself forgot the home that it used to know.

However, the senses attuned to this world brought an endless series of needs For the mind and the body to work upon, and your acts became karmic seeds.

There were some you loved, and some you hurt, and that which you wanted, you took, With all these thoughts and acts writ clear page by page in that causal book.

Life after life in millions of forms
you experienced pleasure and pain —
As a weed, as a bug, as a horse or a wolf,
as a man — then the wheel turns again.

So the law of Creation inexorably works to give soul the form to express The unbalanced karma earned by its acts, no more — and not one whit less.

For millions of lives this sensual whirl kept the body in charge of the mind; And even as man, not a moment was given for the soul to seek or to find.

Thru lust, thru anger, thru desire for gain, thru attachment and unbounded pride, Kal kept you in bondage to things of this world; tho you left them all when you died!

Had God, our Creator, forgotten His souls; left no guide, no pathway, no light, No chance that they might return unto Him, no dawn at the end of the night?

That some of His souls even search for a Path, and feel that this world's not their home, Is a whisper of proof that He's calling these souls. If they wish, they need no longer roam.

Then the souls that do search hear the whispers grow loud that the Path and the Power exist;

May be found in this lifetime, and followed with ease, with His guidance Kal's will to resist.

And when you have found Him, that voice from within thunders conviction and trust
That the Path is within, the Master will guide, your return to His Home is a must.

So those the Creator has marked with His mark to the Feet of the Master are led,
To be taught, thru His Love, the same wondrous words that all the world's Masters have said —

That throughout all ages a Master is here to connect His marked souls with the Light;
To give them the strength, the guidance, the Love to restore the soul's power of flight.

Throughout all the ages the same lesson is taught by the Lord in the form of a man,
As He touches these souls with the power of Shabd and the powers of Kal does He ban.

For all of Creation is powered by Shabd, and Master is part of that Power; And now, a seed He has planted in you for to sprout, to bud, and to flower.

The soul, by itself, could never win free but now that the ransom is paid,
It is free to cast off the bonds it has worn — to face even Death unafraid.

That seed must be watered and tended with care for, although its growth is assured,
A long time it will take to burst into bloom if still, by old habits, you're lured.

The teachings are simple, the practice not hard for those who are eager to grow.

Right food and drink and a moral life will permit that power to flow;

While the time that is spent in the inner work is used to burn away

That record of karmas which otherwise would take thousands of lifetimes to pay.

Your efforts and Master's grace combine as the two wings of a bird in flight; Grace and effort, effort and grace, lead the soul from darkness to Light.

The student who wishes this current of grace to be with him all of the time,
Need only make Simran a part of his life,
a continuous, silent rhyme.

Repeated with love, repeated with joy, repeated in prayer for His aid,
Repeated till none of the thoughts of this world can entrap, or can make you afraid.

And in this devotion His presence is felt, as He promised that it would be,

To help and to guide every choice you must make — make it knowing that He can see!

Know He hears each word, and your secret thoughts are no secret from Him at all;
So all that we do and say and think treat as His — no matter how small.

Big or small, every act, if done as His act, done with love for Him in your mind, Will add not a jot to your karmic load, as would acts of an ego kind.

Past karmas may the inner eye keep dark for many years, But progress on a path like this is not sensed by your eyes and ears.

The progress you make as you live in His will He measures and records with care, And only when you can best use the rewards does He give you these pleasures so rare.

Now, as much as you need Him as guide in this world, even more do you need Him inside,

For there, there are pathways unmarked and unmapped and great beauties to lure you aside.

The path you must follow is hidden from eyes of all but a very few,
But wide is the path and easy the way that Kal would lead you to.

Full many there are who have looked for the path without a Master to guard and to guide,
And life after life they return to this earth as flotsam entrapped by the tide.

If the ocean you'd cross in safety and speed, be sure of your captain and ship; For the journey inside make the Shabd your craft, and trust your soul to the Master's grip. Give Him thanks for all which that grip does bring be it pleasure or pain that you feel, And in His own way, at the proper time to your inner eye He'll reveal

The cities, the lights, the radiant beings of each of the realms above,

Till the light of your soul is a brilliant star — ashine from that power of Love.

Then when it is time for the silver cord to be cut — and this life to end, No feeling of pain or loss is there, but with joy does the soul ascend.

As each of the bodies are cast away; the astral, the causal, the mind, More like the creator the soul does become all ego is left behind.

Then, at last, the Master's task is done—
the soul is returned to Sach Khand,
With no desire to ever again
break that eternal bond.

This is the story that Master tells, wherever His lovers meet;
As much to us in this room today as to those who come to His feet:

"Dear Brother, dear Sister", Master says, as with tears of Love they do part, "Remember, you need never walk alone. Take me with you in your heart."

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

Many years ago a young man grew up in a small town.

The house was old and the yard backed on the railroad tracks.

Life was not easy, there were times of hunger and times of cold;

But there was love, and understanding and faith in God,

In his late teens he became restive, as most teenagers do.

He challenged the authority of home, of school; challenged the rules of society. When parents, school and society would not yield, he lashed out.

Finally, after much bitterness, he left home, and his parents could not stop him.

The world is tempting, but not kind.

The young man slipped to a low path.

Many things he did to hurt others
and to hurt himself.

He lost touch with his parents
as he feared to tell them what he did.

He traveled far and he traveled light
feeling no homeward pull.

After many years, many empty years, sharp edges and appetites are dulled.

What satisfied yesterday does not today; and change produces only change.

Attachments have not turned to love; loneliness is his only constant companion.

Free, yes, from obedience to a guiding hand, but such a heavy price to pay!

As another year drew toward its end with short, cold days and leaden skies;
The songs, the lights, the cheer of coming Christmas caught his ear and eye;
Stirred soft and long forgotten feelings deep within; lighted again his soul.
And memories of the warmth of love, of home, overpowered old hurts and fears.

Hesitating, often with hope crushed by fear of deeper loss, he planned.

Then wrote; "Dad, Mom, may I come home for Christmas?

Will you take me in again, forgiving what was said and done?

'Till now I did not know how dear the loss, how deep my need for you."

"Dad, time is short, too short
to have your answer, yes or no.

So I will start, and as a sign
if I am welcome home,

Hang a white cloth in the old
apple tree in the back yard.

I will see it from the train,
but pass on by if it be not there."

Some days later, huddled in a coach seat; pride and arrogance of youth
Honed by life to humility and need, hope alone remained.
He could not bring himself to look upon that backyard tree.
He lacked the strength of faith to see what fate would bring.

And so, he turned to one nearby, saying: "Friend, around the next curve We will pass a small house.

In the backyard is an old apple tree.

Please watch and tell me
if you see a small white cloth

Hanging on a branch of the tree
as a sign if I am welcome home."

"Certainly, son", was the reply. "I will look and tell you what I see."

Around the curve, and his companion cried: "Look, look you must!

Every branch, no every twig, hung with banners shining white.

Surely you are welcome home, so welcome home!"

Thus too, with each of us
who will turn again to Home;
Who asks, with humility and hope,
"Father, will you take me back?"
Faint hope is soon replaced with faith
as in HIS everlasting Love
The answer rings with sound and light,
"Oh welcome, welcome Home!"

## NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

Thank you Master for another year of Thy love,
For the help and guidance in so many, many ways of which I am not aware.
For the bliss, when mind surrenders for a moment,
For the slowly growing awareness of Thy gift.

I would ask your forgiveness for the wasted hours, For the all too easy victories of the passions; While knowing you have promised not only forgiveness But the Victory — if I but try.

What have I done to deserve
Thy gift,
How long the path ahead —
my mind knows not.
But my soul is stirring and knows
You are there to help,
When I but try.

## RECESSIONAL

(from R. Kipling)

God of Creation, known of old —
Lord of that spark we call the Soul —
Despite our awful karmic load
Teach us to live a Lover's role.
Radhaswami, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Our youth and beauty melt away —
The bills come due for old desires —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is but the smoke from funeral pyres!
Judge of our actions, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with thoughts of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Teach us the ways that Lovers use
To live within Thy age old Law.
Gracious Master, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Thru Shabd's power, the ego dies —
Attachments and the lusts depart —
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Radhaswami, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Then thru Thy touch we put our trust
In Master's Love and Shabd's song —
No longer dust that builds on dust,
Soul and Mind learn where they belong.
Thru meditation on Thy Word,
We merge again into Thee, Lord!

Amen.

## GLOSSARY OF ORIENTAL TERMS

AWAGAWAN — Coming and going; birth and death.

BHAJAN — A form of spiritual practice. Applying the spirit to listening to the Internal Word or Shabd.

BANDARA — Religious feast; large scale feeding of people; esoterically, the Internal Spiritual Feast.

CAUSAL — The second spiritual region.

DARSHAN — Vision or sight, particularly of some Saint or holy person.

KAL — Literally, Time or Death; the Negative Power; the name given to the Power that controls all the universe — gross, subtle and causal. He will not let anyone cross his threshold to enter the realm of Sat Purush until that soul has been thoroughly cleansed of all desires and attachments.

MAYA — Illusion; phenomenal universe; all that which is not eternal, is not real or true, is called 'maya'. The veil of illusion which conceals the vision of God from our sight.

NAM — See Shabd.

NAM BHAKTI — Devotion to Nam or Shabd.

PAR BRAHM — Literally, beyond Brahm; appellation of the Lord of the third Spiritual Region.

SACH KHAND — Literally, the True or Imperishable Region; esoterically, the fifth Spiritual Region, presided over by Sat Purush.

SANGAT — Congregation.

SANT MAT — The Teachings of the Saints; the Science of God-Realization, practised while living in this world. It is the Science of merging in the Supreme Creator, just as the drop merges in the ocean. This can be accomplished only under the guidance of a True Master in the physical form. We are in the physical form and need someone in the physical form to instruct and guide us to that Power within, which leads to the Supreme

Being. Moreover, the presence of the Master is essential to guide and to protect us during the course of our Spiritual Journey. It is a natural Science and is complete in every human being regardless of race, color or creed. But the Key is with the Master, and He gives it to all whom He accepts.

SAT GURU — A Master or Spiritual Teacher who has access to the fifth Spiritual Region.

SAT NAM — Literally, True Name; the appellation of the Lord of the fifth Spiritual Region.

SAT PURUSH — Literally, True Lord; another name for the Lord of the fifth Spiritual Region.

SATSANG — Literally, True Association; Association with a Saint or Perfect Master is external Satsang, and association of the soul with Shabd or Nam within is the Internal Satsang. The highest form of Satsang is to merge with Shabd and to engage in the prescribed meditation. When a congregation is addressed by a Master, that is Satsang. Even to think about Him and His teachings is Satsang.

SATSANGI — One who has been Initiated by a True Master; a disciple or associate of Truth; appellation of disciples of Radha Swami Faith; however, true Satsangis are only those who faithfully perform the Spiritual Practice, follow the instructions of the Master and conduct themselves accordingly in their daily lives and in their dealing with others.

SEVA — Service to the Master by wealth, body, mind or soul. SHABD — Word; Sound; Audible Life Stream; Sound Current, Nam. As the soul manifests in the body as consciousness, the Word of God manifests Itself as Inner Spiritual Sound. There are five forms of the Shabd within every human being, the secret of which can be imparted only by a True Master.

SIMRAN — Repetition; remembrance; a form of spiritual practice.

TATWAS — Essences; elements; they are five in number and may be gross or subtle.

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